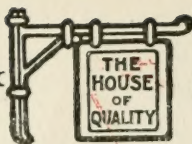


Saint Andrew's College Review



Easter
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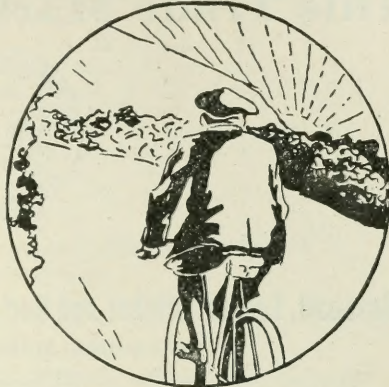
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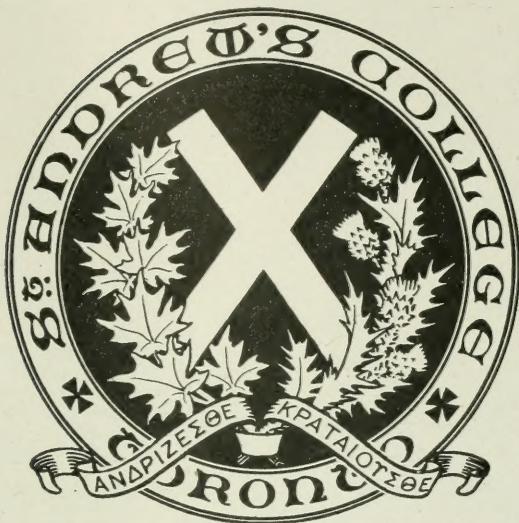


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The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1921

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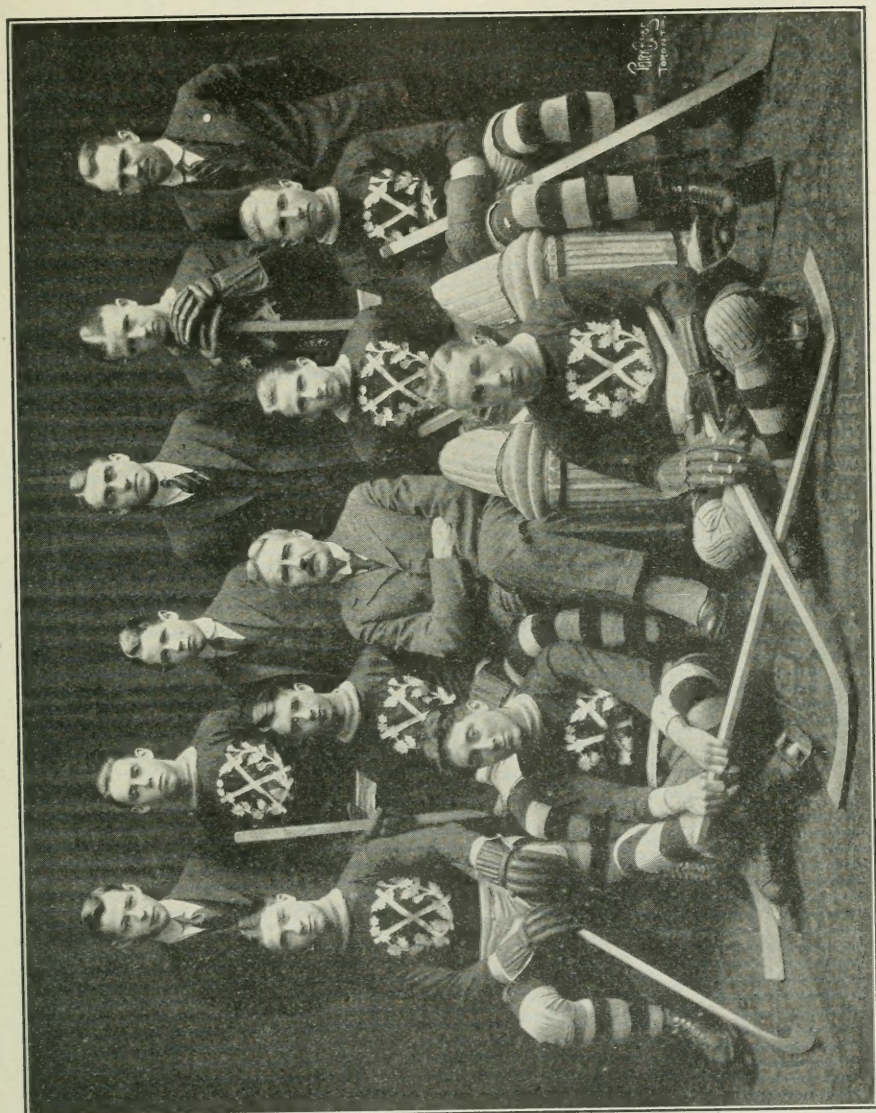
Issued by the Editorial Board

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Easter, 1921

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FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1920-1921.

St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1921

EDITORIALS.

At least, from the school-boy's point of view, Dame Nature has been exceedingly unkind; she has not humoured us with hale and vigorous weather. With soft ice for a day or so, and then the mercury rising to a height which melted everything, making the rink present the appearance of a pond, we have experienced the mildest of winters. Apart from two meagre falls of snow which by no means made tobogganing or skiing possible, the landscape has not this year been in the clutches of Jack Frost. As a result, outdoor exercise has been constrained, and we have been prone to grumble. On the other hand, our teams were able to have practice hours at the Arena, and have completed a season of which we are justly unashamed.

Already the signs of real spring are here, and with eagerness we look forward to the fast-approaching summer term. Realizing that it is a time of glorious weather, with long bright days in which we can enjoy the charm of out-door freedom, we will return from the welcome Easter holidays with added zest.

The REVIEW takes this opportunity of mentioning that Dr. MacDonald completed in February his twenty-first year as headmaster of St. Andrew's College. In those years the school has witnessed many important changes and a marvellous development. He assumed office in the Yonge Street building under rather adverse conditions, and with a school of about forty boys. To such a foundation he added a zest and personal influence which has been largely responsible for the growth and present prosperity of the college.

After many successful years in the Rosedale building, we were obliged to move to Knox College. One can hardly realize the many difficulties of such a task, but when one considers that the complete change was made without the loss of a single day in the ses-

sion, it is apparent that the headmaster's leadership was an important factor. The two years' sojourn and the subsequent return to the old buildings were further evidences of his skilful control.

The boys of the school are aware that they have in Dr. MacDonald a headmaster whose personality compels esteem, and who is, in all that the term implies, a man. In the years to come may he ever be conscious of our desire to offer him our respectful co-operation.

Having witnessed a term, such as this has been, one cannot help noticing that on dreary afternoons there is an increasing number of boys who seem seldom to experience the luxury of reading. They are content with idly loafing, and constantly watch for an opportunity to interfere. They belong to the class which is always looking for trouble, and as might be expected, easily find it. Are they not missing one of the most profitable pastimes of boyhood? There are those who are not even familiar with Tom Sawyer! and among the higher heroes, they are strangely friendless. The wondrously woven plot of a good novel is one of the worlds they have not explored. Works by authors accepted as standard are unknown to them beyond the mysterious titles.

On a gloomy evening, when the weather is inclement, the ideal companion is the character which comes forth from the covers of a book, and acts for us with vividness made possible by a master pen. Human company is not always possible, and in such a plight the boy who cannot enter the storyland of books must needs be sadly alone.

As the years flit by and we enter the autumn of life, think how enriched he is who takes with him the unobtrusive friends who never forsake, and who at all times are willing to offer sincere companionship. When one considers the richness of the English language, and the resulting legion of books on every subject written by the greatest writers of any country, does he not realize the wonderful heritage that is his in an English tongue? Surely one would do well to avail himself of the wonderful opportunities presented in English Literature.

F. ROPER DAYMENT.

CHINESE MARRIAGES.

The marriage ceremony in the Far East differs greatly from the marriage of the West. Instead of an acquaintanceship ripening into affection, the whole affair in China is arranged by a professional "go-between" or "match-maker," who makes it her business (it is always a woman) to know all the marriageable young people of the neighbourhood. When a young man becomes of an age when his parents consider that he should marry, they go to a match-maker and state their case. The match-maker goes over her list of suitable young ladies, chooses one, and then takes the case to her parents (the prospective bride's) who, if favourably inclined towards the terms, consult their family soothsayer as to how the compact will turn out, and, if this man is agreeable, the affair is well-nigh terminated.

The prospective groom now has two cards made upon which are painted dragons, the symbol of fidelity, and also on these cards are complete particulars of the agreement. These cards are bound with red silk cord. One of the cards he presents to the bride. The use of the silk cord has a very interesting legend connected with it. It appears that about the year 618 B.C., in the days of the Chow dynasty, there lived in the town of Sung, one called Haw Ki, who one night came upon an old man sitting in front of a tea house reading a huge book by the light of the moon. "In this book," said the old man to How Ki, "are all the marriages for years to come, and with this cord"—producing a red silk cord—"shall the mated couples be bound together. Now, your wife is at present in the house of an old woman who sells vegetables at the North Gate." How Ki immediately hurried to the house of the old woman, where he found an exceedingly ugly girl baby, and was so alarmed that he hired a coolie to kill the child. Many years later, How Ki was presented with a beautiful young wife by the governor. He noticed she always wore a rose over her forehead, and asked her the reason why, to which she replied: "Several years ago, when I was living with an old vegetable woman, I was out walking one day, when a ruffian rushed at me and made the scar on my forehead, which I always cover by a rose." Then did How Ki realize that Fate could not be cheated.

The arrangements for the marriage made, a few months elapse, during which the interchange of presents takes place until

the great day arrives. As yet the groom has not even seen the bride. She leaves her father's house in her carriage, and is met about half-way by the groom who takes possession of her carriage. This performance is a last remnant of the possession by capture of ancient times. In Northern China the custom is even more pronounced, and is carried out by having the groom chase the bride on horseback for a reasonable distance. Another variation is to have the groom chase the bride through the rooms and halls of her father's house while old women playfully try to trip, and generally hinder him. Arriving at the house of the groom's father they seat themselves in front of the family altar, each endeavouring to sit on the fringe of the other's coat; the one succeeding, it is said, will be ruler of the household.

The next half hour is devoted to sacrifices and prayers at the altar, at the conclusion of these the ceremony is considered to be ended and the guests give themselves up to feasting and merry-making.

BLAKE M. WILSON.



RECESS HOUR AT THE TUCK

THE CAGED BIRD



I look out of my turret window and see the rushing motors on the boulevard without; gaiety is in the air, but the heart in my bosom palpitates not with joy, nay! with sorrow—I am gated. This verb may not be familiar to all, but it is very much like C. B. which a disorderly soldier receives. It means that a poor school-boy is actually confined to the college over the week-end and forced to report each hour to a master.

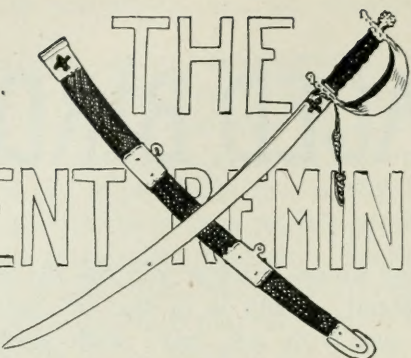
The Man in the Iron Mask led a life of hilarity compared to my unhappy existence this day. I have done nothing, only skipped down town so that I could write a composition on the Royal Bank Building, neglecting to get leave or to consult a master as to the propriety of such a course. I contemplate the vivid world without—and suicide—at the same time. If I committed suicide, gatings would be abolished as a barbarous practice; but what benefit would that be to me? No, I will entice some other gated person with less intellect than myself (probably very hard to find) to commit suicide, and I shall reap the benefits of his fatal expedient.

I wonder how I shall spend my time. I might wash and shave, but that is not my idea of amusement. I might whistle to girls as they toddle by (if the master is out of earshot) or I might study! The last is the intention of every gated person, but it seldom materializes because the only chaps who have the will-power to study are never gated. Gating is a manifestation of the struggle between authority and the pitiful objects on which authority is directed. I am one of those pitiful objects. If Shakespeare were alive to-day, with gatings as his theme, and one of my school fellows as a hero, he could write such a tragedy as would make "Hamlet" look like "Listen Lester."

Sometimes a kind-hearted master sends you on an errand for bird-seed or pea-nuts, and gives you a little fresh air between reports. Still, I swear now that I shall never skip out again, but next week temptation will come in the shape of Hink Russell, and next Saturday I will be poking a tear-stained countenance within the Masters' Common Room and saying, "Report, Sir."

K. B. CARSON.

THE SILENT REMINDER



Beer

It hangs upon my bed-room wall, that old sword about which I am going to relate a short history. There is nothing pretentious about its hilt, no jewels set there in wondrous device, nor inlaid gold upon the blade. It is just an old cavalry sabre, with leather scabbard bound with steel, old, worn, and shaggy, not from age alone, but rather from the life it led at the waist of its master. The blade is nicked and scarred, not from children playing war and charging barricades of iron cots in their nurseries, but from having been crossed in deadly combat with opposing steel. It has been relegated to many old store-rooms throughout the decades of its retired existence, but when thus treated, it has been at the hands of those ignorant of its birthright, or if knowing, heeding not. Now it has returned to its heritage, commanding respect as it hangs in state over a silhouette of its master of one hundred years ago; and as I sit in the gathering gloom of the short winter twilight it seems to me I hear it whisper of deeds of valour witnessed by it, deeds which have been carved by men in the everlasting rock of time.

Yes, that old sword stands as a link between the present and the past; that uncertain time when Napoleon with his legions advanced over the Pyrenees with intent to crush the Spanish kingdom. It was then that the skill of that military genius, Sir John Moore was summoned to cope with the onrushing flood of invaders, and not in vain. Military genius is useless without the human power and will to carry out its plans, and Sir John had these assets, together with valiant men who had implicit faith in their commander.

The march of the little British army to Astorga to cross the path of the advancing three hundred thousand, and its steady retreat on Corunna gave ample room for heroism and proof of worth both in man and blade. Many fell under the test, but a brave rem-

nant survived. At Corunna no ships awaited the fever-stricken British forces, and again that war-weary force had to turn about and fight. It was a splendid fight; shot and shell hurled from unseen barricades fell like a metal rain. But the dark clouds of defeat were just breaking when fate exacted her price. It was at the very dawn of victory when Sir John Moore received his death wound. He died happy in the realization that the day was not lost, and that throughout his career he had fought a good fight, the thought which brings more contentment to the mind than any communion or prayers given at the bedside for the believed redemption of the soul. There was to be no military funeral for him; his desire was to be buried in the ramparts of Corunna at the dead of night.

Picture, if you can, a squad of sad and weary soldiers wending their way towards the outskirts of a shell-torn city carrying between them the lifeless body of their beloved commander, the lurid light from bursting shells, the misty moon-light through the smoke and the rays of a solitary lantern, to reveal the way.

“We buried him darkly at the dead of night
The sods with our bayonets turning.”

But now through the gloom, as the last faint streaks of red and gold have faded from the western sky, giving place to the cold, dark grey of the fast-falling night, where a few minutes before there dwelt in all its glory a superb winter's sunset, and as the night takes on the mantle of storm I imagine the scene which the old sabre witnessed on a similar night five score years and ten before, when a great man's life went through the same changes that the sky has just undergone.

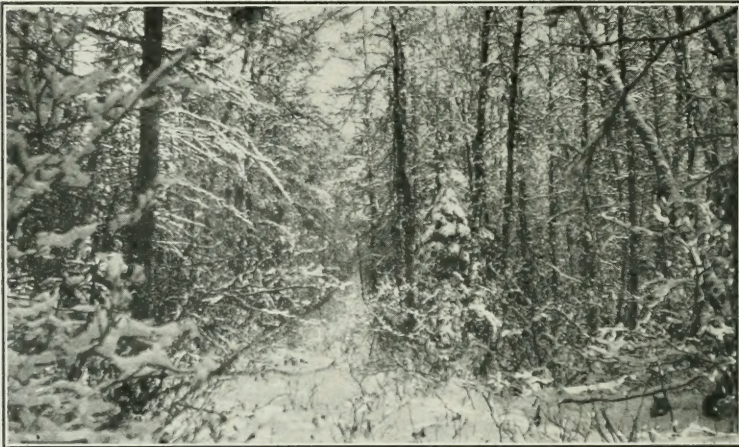
The last scene in the drama of the sword's owner was staged on the moors of Northern England, the actor, a major of the British forces in Spain. Shortly after his return from the burial of his commander he had received his seventh wound while riding along the lines endeavouring to cheer his men. His faithful horse was shot from beneath him, and at the same moment the rider was shot through the breast. The following day he was transported to England, where his wife and family awaited him forty miles from the port of his disembarkation. The journey was attempted by coach, but the jarring proved too great an agony for him to bear, his wound having become inflamed with exposure and neglect, and he abandoned the stage and set his face against the chilling blast. The gale

hurled in the face of the traveller a sleet, stinging and blinding, but he must fight on till the end, until the haven of rest is reached, whether it was to be his old home, with its loving welcome, warmth and care, or eternal rest in the arms of death.

Weak from the long drawn-out campaign, soul-weary, wounded and sick, he staggered, stumbled but fought on. This was his last fight, and he was facing it alone. The old sabre hung at his waist, helpless to aid him here, in fact, it was rather a hindrance to his progress, but it had been his friend, faithful and true, in many other fights. Why should it be discarded now? The bond between them was too great, and it remained at his side. The storm continued in its fury, but on, on, on he struggled against it and against forces which nature was raising up to defeat him. But defeat was not to find an easy victim for there was a goal to be reached that night. In spite of his will he was losing; the little strength which remained to him was fast ebbing, and then all drifted into oblivion. He awoke, a sense of silence filled the air, the storm was abating, and in the distance a light was gleaming like a star revealing the pathway to happiness and peace. He knew it to be his guiding star and with an effort born of despair he raised himself and struggled forward till his long-fought-for goal was reached—home.

Major —— died two days later. His last campaign with the elements had proved too hard a task for his weakened powers of endurance. But there remains to us a relic, the old sabre, a silent reminder of his noble career.

E. G. TYRER.



SAINT VINCENT.

Saint Vincent, one of the British West Indies, lies a little south of Barbados. It has a population of about 50,000, of which about 32,000 are white, 10,000 black, 7,000 coloured, and 1,000 East Indian coolies. There are also a few Caribs of somewhat mixed blood, the aboriginal Caribs having been deported to British Honduras in 1797. Kingstown, the capital, situated on a bay at the south-western extremity of the island, has a population of about 7,000.

The climate is healthful, the coolest time of the year being from December till May; the wet season is from August till November. The average annual rainfall is 111.82 inches. Sugar and arrowroot are the principal products. Other articles of export are cocoa, cotton, spices, fruit, vegetables, live stock and poultry.

Saint Vincent is divided by a high mountain ridge, running from north to south, at the northern end is the Soufriere, which rises to about 3,000 feet in the centre of the island, and dominates both the leeward and windward districts. The Soufriere has two craters, the old and the new, the latter lying south-east of the former having been formed by the eruption of 1812. The craters are divided by an exceedingly knife-like ridge, along which it requires a cool head to creep. The old crater, three miles in circumference, contains a lake, some several hundred feet below the edge, and over which clouds and vapour constantly hover. The new crater, smaller than its neighbour, but more rugged and precipitous, looks, as it has been graphically described, like "an opening into the great infernal regions." At the leeward base of the Soufriere lie the estates of Wallibou and Richmond, also Morne Ronde, the settlement of the Caribs, and to the south-west, the small town of Chateaubellair, while on the windward side are the great sugar estates of the island, and to the extreme north, the arrowroot estates of Owia and Fancy. Almost opposite to Chateaubellair, on the windward coast, is Georgetown, the second town of Saint Vincent. The Soufriere may be said to have at least one-third of the island within its range of possible destruction. Premonitory signs of eruption had been given since February, 1901, when shocks of earthquakes and deep reverberations were felt; but as they passed away, little attention was given to them. These warnings were repeated as soon as the Mont Pelee volcano at Martinique showed activity, and increased in force until May 6th, when all doubts as

to their true meaning were dissipated. At 3 p.m. on that day huge columns of smoke were seen from Chateaubellair to issue from the old crater, followed by streams of flame. So serious was the situation, that several officials were sent from the capital, Kingstown, 15 miles away, to report upon what was happening, and they found the mountain in full eruption. Early on the following morning the eruption ceased, and left the surrounding country in gloom. So far the windward side had escaped with little damage. Shortly after eight the volcano once more burst into activity, its full force being experienced from one o'clock to three o'clock p.m. For more than 400 miles the sound as of heavy cannonading at sea was heard throughout the West Indies. In Kingstown lamps had to be lighted from four o'clock in the afternoon, and ashes fell in Barbados, which lies about 100 miles to the windward of Saint Vincent. On the windward side the estate works at Tourama, Orange Hill, and Lot 14 were completely destroyed; on the leeward side Wallibou was covered up, and the chimney at Richmond was the sole sign of the works.

A Mansion House Fund was at once started in London for the relief of the sufferers, and subscriptions were sent from all parts of the civilized world, so that within a few years normal conditions were regained.

H. E. HAZELL.



THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

A DAY AND A NIGHT; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN ANDREAN.

The trials of a boarder, as most of you are aware, are supposed to begin at 7.15 a.m.; but more usually that happy mortal remains in blissful slumber until the sound of the Breakfast Bell disturbs his calm repose.

With the Breakfast Bell comes a short battle as to who shall close the windows, and then all is in a turmoil. A rush to the wash-room, a lick-and-a-promise there, with usually the ears and neck utterly ignored. Then a short skirmish with clothes, etc., and a hundred yard dash, which, as a rule, terminates in your tripping over the laces of one of your boots, and lands you in a graceful sprawl on the floor just as the dining room door is shut in your face. When the now unhappy victim picks himself up and enters the dining room on tiptoe, the watchful master has his eye on the door and all hope of gaining his seat without detention vanishes.

Breakfast over, the beds must be made and the rooms cleaned up. The boots have to be placed in line on a shelf and all papers, and the remains of the feed of the preceding night, done away with. At 9 o'clock a kindly master visits each room and soaks you a few odd hours for that pin on the floor, that crease in your bedspread, or that boot that is one-sixteenth of an inch out of its place. When he departs he leaves a sad group of boys behind him, comparing notes, in order to see who has the most detention, and planning how they can best get out of it.

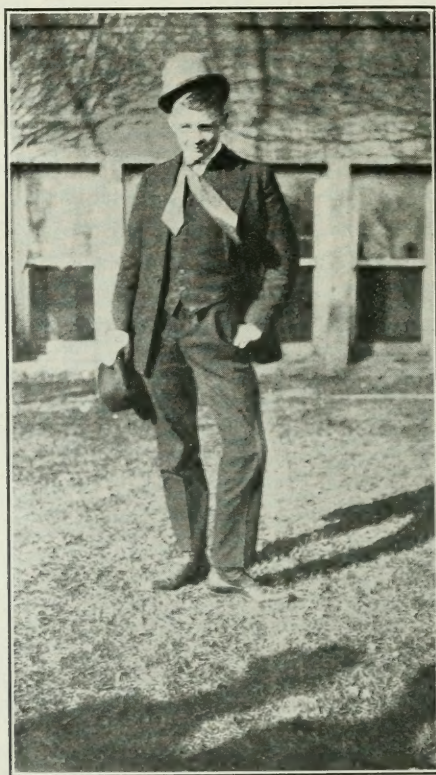
The roll is called in your class room at 9.15, and many quite original excuses for lateness are offered to the form master. This is followed by morning prayers and then school. Many wish that all schools could be blown into space, and I agree with them, but I am sure we should regret this wish in later years. Very little can be said about school as it is a very painful subject in more than one way. At recess there is a mad rush for the Tuck Shop, the only place where one can eat without getting detention for being late or making a noise. After school, the time between 3.30 and 5.00 is usually spent in some class room writing lines, or doing work for some master, but occasionally, there is some time left for other forms of sport.

At 6.15 you have dinner and soon after study commences. The two hours of study are usually spent in unspeakable agony. Vari-

ous forms of amusement are attempted, from asking the master foolish questions to seeing how much detention you can amass in one evening. The last half-hour is usually spent in counting the minutes and seconds till the bell rings. At 9.15 the bell rings and you have evening prayers where fellows are usually reminded of certain engagements with the house-master, or of certain rules broken.

After prayers you then retire to your rooms and lights are put out at 10.00; but that does not mean that you go to sleep then. Sometimes friendly (?) visits are made by the inmates of some other room and somebody emerges a little the worse for wear. After a while all is quiet and you become dead to the world. Thus ends a Perfect Day.

E. R. McLELLAND.



THE HAT TRICK.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

It was June, and the sun, as if reluctant to rest after such a long day of brightness, was slowly moving westward. Gradually the shadows were lengthening, the images of the oaks on the face of the old beaver pond became colour schemes of green and gold, and soon all that remained of the ball of fire, that had ridden triumphant in the sky all day, was a blood-red glow far out to the west.

An hour afterwards, as if daylight was coming again, a brightness appeared in the east, and the moon peeping up over the jagged top of Old Sugar Loaf Mountain, bathed the New England hills in its silvery glow. The oaks became patterns of midnight blue and silver, while the beaver pond, long since unfamiliar with its original builders, was a smooth sheet of burnished silver. Nothing marred the peace and beauty of the scene. Far down in the valley, the farm houses nestled as if in some great cradle, and up in the hills the trees standing straight and sentinel-like wove bright patterns on the ground beneath them.

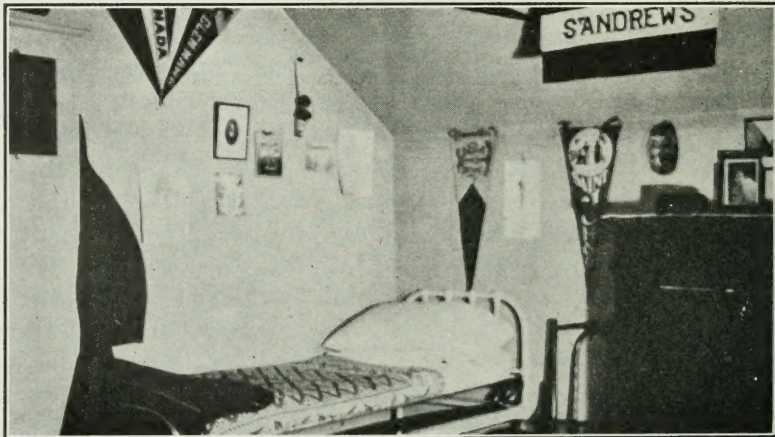
To look at the smiling face of the The Man in the Moon, one can never tell the various tragedies, or comedies, he looks down upon. To-night, as he floated serenely through his canopy of clear, clean blue, his impartial eye saw a little woodland scene enacted, which, although in itself is very common, has not to the denizens of the woods, lost its terrible meaning. It was in a little glade on the south side of one of the hills where a bright spot was formed in the dark shadows of the sighing evergreens. This space at first seemed to be devoid of life, but to the Man in the Moon, as he floated on, it presented a scene full of activity. Under the thickest of the evergreens his rays quickly discovered something of interest. It was a family of cotton tails, making a first acquaintance with the great world they were to live in. Leading them was the nervous mother who, raised on her capable hind feet, was wig-wagging her long ears listening for the first signs of danger that would harm her precious offspring. To the casual observer there would have seemed to be no danger, but the Man in the Moon could have told him differently; he knew that the old stump down the slope was not all stump, he could have told you that closer inspection would reveal the top stub to be old Kimoskees, the owl. He also would have informed anybody who could have questioned him that a fox

was skulking along on the other side of the ridge, to say nothing of a bloodthirsty weasel coming up wind in search of food.

Suddenly, out of the silence there came a great booming, it seemed to have no definite source, and yet to pervade everywhere. A significant silence followed it; a great disaster seemed to be pending. The stub of the stump had suddenly vanished, and over the top of the trees, Kimoskees was heading towards the glade, where the baby cotton tails, with much leaping and thumping, were sampling the sweet bits of clover of which their fastidious palates approved most highly. While yet a great distance away the Moon saw the owl change his route and head for the big evergreen which sheltered the rabbit family. He flew with the noiselessness of a bit of wind-blown thistle down, nothing heralded his coming. The Moon cast his shadow over the glade to warn his victims, but too late, a swoop and a squeak, and the rabbit family scurrying back to the shelter of their brier patch was bereft of one of its members.

Still up in his seat of vantage the Moon sailed on, his smile not one whit changed. Perhaps he realized that old truth, "The strong shall prey on the weak;" or perhaps he may have favoured the owl. Or, again, maybe he doesn't think anything—who knows?

ARMSTRONG.



ALL READY FOR MORNING INSPECTION.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, the stupendous tragedy, with Caroline Heaveaway playing the role of the child, Eva. See the finest special scenery that eyes of mortal man ever gazed upon! See Lew Prune, as Lawyer Marks, screamingly funny! Beware of the ferocious bloodhounds!! So say the hand-bills distributed by a dyspeptic-looking crook who has been stopping for the past week at the Seaside Hotel.

The great day comes and the company arrives in town. First, we see a down-at-the-heels negro porter, who plays the role of



LITTLE EVA.

Uncle Tom; then, a long-nosed tramp with the appearance of an undertaker, this is the famous comedian, Lew Prune (Lawyer Marks); then appear several sometime inmates of an old ladies' home. The eldest of these ladies is Caroline Heaveaway, fifty-six if she's a day; she takes the part of Little Eva. The manager of the company, a corpulent creature, goes to the box car of the train and leads out the three blood hounds; they were old when Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. The whole company piles into the town hack and is driven to the Seaside Hotel.

The next day comes the great parade; all the youngsters strive to get places in it, and thus have the honour of wearing one of the moth-eaten, ex-military coats, or to lead one of the fierce, but

thoothless, blood hounds. Lawyer Marks, with a trombone, and Uncle Tom, with a big drum, lead the procession which marches all around the town with banners inscribed, "Uncle Tom's Cabin in the Town Hall to-night." There is great excitement when one of the dogs develops hydrophobia, and thus ends the parade.

THAT NIGHT.

A perspiring audience awaits the raising of the curtain. Finally it rises, disclosing what is supposed to be an aristocratic southern home, with Uncle Tom dusting the stuffed owl in the corner; the southern aristocrat (who looks like a bar-tender) sips a mint julep from a pickle bottle, and discusses with a slave-buyer the sale



LAWYER MARKS.

of Uncle Tom. The whole scene conveys a sense of opulence, from the table (which the Sons and Daughters of the Morning use at their monthly meeting) to the hump-backed arm-chair borrowed from the Seaside Hotel.

Soon comes the scene on the ice-strewn river, and Eliza makes her sensational dash for freedom. She skips across the ice pursued by the relentless bloodhounds while she tenderly carries little Harry (a whisky bottle wrapped in a piece of rag) in her arms. Her escape draws tremendous applause from every member of the audience.

Uncle Tom arrives at the house of St. Clair, and Little Eva and Topsy make their appearance. Topsy claims that she wasn't born but "just grewed." Judging by her appearance she began to grow

about the time of the wars of the Roses. She shocks by her girlish antics, St. Clair's New England cousin. But now tears dim every eye as Little Eva is dying with Uncle Tom sobbing at her feet (size ten). Then she dies but, unfortunately, in her ascent to heaven the ropes go wrong and Caroline Heaveaway's one hundred and eighty pounds does untold damage to the stage floor. The curtain falls upon a scene of wild disorder.

Now follows the great scene in the slave market where Uncle Tom stands up on a biscuit box while the manager of the company, armed with a tack hammer, acts as auctioneer. Simon Legree stands around cracking a long black whip and finally buys poor old Uncle Tom.

The scenes on Legree's plantation are very sad, and the town undertaker wishes that he could have been alive and in business at that time for Uncle Tom, Little Eva and St. Clair all die within the short space of fifteen minutes. The play ends and the people leave while the manager counts the admission money to see whether it will pay his hotel bill.

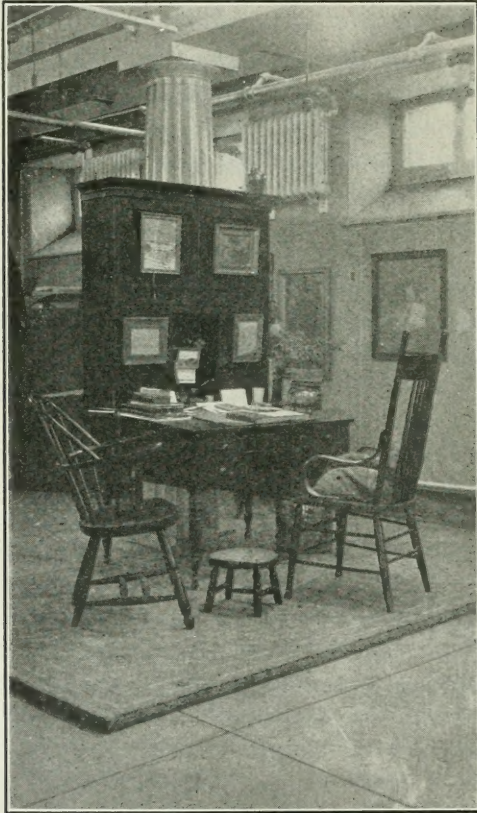
The dramatic critic for the *Weekly Bugle* wrote as follows: "Huge crowds attend first night presentation of Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Town Hall!" Thus read the headlines. "Caroline Heaveaway, the noted juvenile actress, well known to the play-goers of our town for the past half century, was up to her usual wonderful form. The German accent of Uncle Tom, who once lived in Cincinnati, was greatly admired by all.

"A regrettable incident was Hank Beavan's demand for the refunding of his money, which he received from Manager Cookit (in order to prevent a riot). This was the only incident to mar the enjoyment of the evening. Dr. Killem is attending Miss Heaveaway who nearly broke her neck in the second act. On account of this incident the company will put on 'Hamlet' to-morrow night and later 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room,' unless Miss Heaveaway recovers."

K. B. CARSON.

THE THUMB-BOX.

In one corner of a large art gallery the artists have a quiet little room, which is away from the noise of the surging crowds. Here they exhibit their "thumb-box" pictures and often gather for tea and conversation. If you break away from the massive portraits, large canvasses, and historical tapestries of the main gallery, and seek out this restful spot, you will enjoy the smaller pictures, and discover that there are untold possibilities in the thumb-box.



This quaint room is not only furnished in the most attractive style, but has a friendly atmosphere, as if it invited you to stop a moment and catch the spirit of the artists. There are long tables with current magazines on art as well as sets of books dealing with the technical side of the subject. Clustered around are numerous

Windsor chairs, and over yonder, a many-cushioned divan. That silverware is the tea-service used when they meet to discuss each other's work, and offer suggestions for improvement. Notice, too, that brass samovar, with the curious tap and vertical chimney.

At one side, nodding her head to every visitor, sits a dear old lady in charge of the exhibition. Her snowy hair and genial smile are themselves a picture. And she is writing at such an odd desk with its open top and bookcases above. You might easily call it an old-fashioned secretary. Several cheery paintings are hung above her, and at her elbow is a miniature orange plant, adding its vivid colour to the cozy picture.

Her answers concerning the pictures lead one to believe that she is in close touch with the artists and has their interests at heart. One may buy almost any one of the pictures, which are done in all the mediums from pastel to oils, and appropriately framed.

If you listen to the opinions of fellow artists, you will not fail to notice the candid criticism of colour-blending and composition in each of the thumb-box pictures. The spirit of sincere helpfulness prompts each designer to analyze the other paintings and the artist spirit plainly shows itself in its devotion to expression through the brush and crayon. Surely here is a company of people who have, by a happy chance, discovered one of the highest things in life; and believing it to be such, give it their whole soul.

F. ROPER DAYMENT.



THE FALCONS



LAB DAY



Aha! It is Wednesday. To-day we go down to the lab.

As soon as the period bell rings we are off. Down the stairs with a rush, and then we bring up with a bang against the lab. door. Mr. G. is not quite through with the Upper Sixth, but he soon lets us in.

The lab. has various characteristics. The main one is its smell. This changes, but is always present. Another is its temperature. The lab. is always very cold, except when something catches fire—consequently the cold doesn't bother us much.

The voice of authority rings out. "Now, boys, I don't wish to speak very long before I set you to work. But you remember last day, we passed chlorine through a solution of caustic potash. I would just like to show you the result. Now here is the ah!—let me see. No! this is it—Tyrer, will you please test this solution for chloride?" Tyrer puts some of what he has found into a test-tube and fixes it in a stand.

Tyrer: "If you please—look this way. If there is chloride present when I pour a little of this in, a white precipitate will form." He pauses and squints at the test-tube. He then pours in something out of a bottle. The stuff fizzes up, subsides and begins to give off dense, dangerous looking fumes. Soon we see little flashes of light and it begins to fizz again. (Tyrer wisely jumps into the fume closet and closes the glass door. We all duck behind our desks.)

The stuff is still sparkling, and then, all of a sudden—BANG! When the smoke clears away we see Tyrer serenely climbing out of the fume closet. "There wasn't," he says. After the panic has subsided Mr. G. says: "Well! now for to-day. I have been looking through your notes and I intend to set you to do the experiments I think you did most poorly; start with this bench." "Tyrer, you and Beer can make chlorine, be very careful, you know, not to let any escape." And so on. Each pair is instructed and the bustle begins. Over in the corner you hear someone saying: "You didn't, I got it first." "You're crazy, that's been on our desk all along."

"Oh! go swallow some nitric, keep it then. Here's another, anyway."

And so the bustle continues until, BANG! crash! tinkle, tinkle. And then Mr. G.'s voice rises above the rest.

"Who was that?"

Someone replies, "Us, sir, we were making chlorine."

Mr. G. throws open two windows and a door. Notwithstanding the open windows and door there is a general retreat. The master leads us into the next room. We soon return, but only to find that the bottom of Robinson's carefully prepared apparatus has fallen out through overheating. Later, when Anderson is endeavouring to cut off a piece of phosphorous the whole stick takes fire and there is much excitement. In time there is quiet again, and we resume our work. Mr. G. catches Walker wandering about the room, and says: "What are you doing, Walker?" Walker replies, "I'm just looking for a bottle of radium, I have a wart on my little finger."

At the top of the bench, Mr. G. is busy preparing a very disagreeable and poisonous substance called bromine, with which he intends to show us some experiments. As explosions have been the order for the day, we are now beginning to think it is about time we had another. One is straightway forthcoming. There is a light pop at the master's desk, and then an explosion. This time, when the pieces have all fallen, and the smoke has cleared away, Mr. G. is being carried off to the sick room on a stretcher, leaving the boys to clean up the lab.

This they do, of course, almost completely.

DETENTION



People talk of some things being as easy as rolling off a log, but I can assure you that getting an hour's detention is just about fourteen and a half times easier. The writer is thoroughly familiar with his subject and knows what it is to be gated on Saturday, have his pocket money stopped, five hour's work to do and numerous other penalties to be paid.

Here are a few suggestions for any one desirous of tasting the bitterness of detention: wink in study, eat your breakfast, talk in your sleep, snore, fall down stairs, or smile when a master tries to crack a joke. For any of these offences you are liable to receive from one to five hours' detention, according to the mood in which the master happens to be.

The commandments of school life are many. A few of them are as follows:

Thou shalt love no other school.

Honour thy masters that thine hours may be short in the house of detention.

Thou shalt take a bath before thy room-mates make thee.

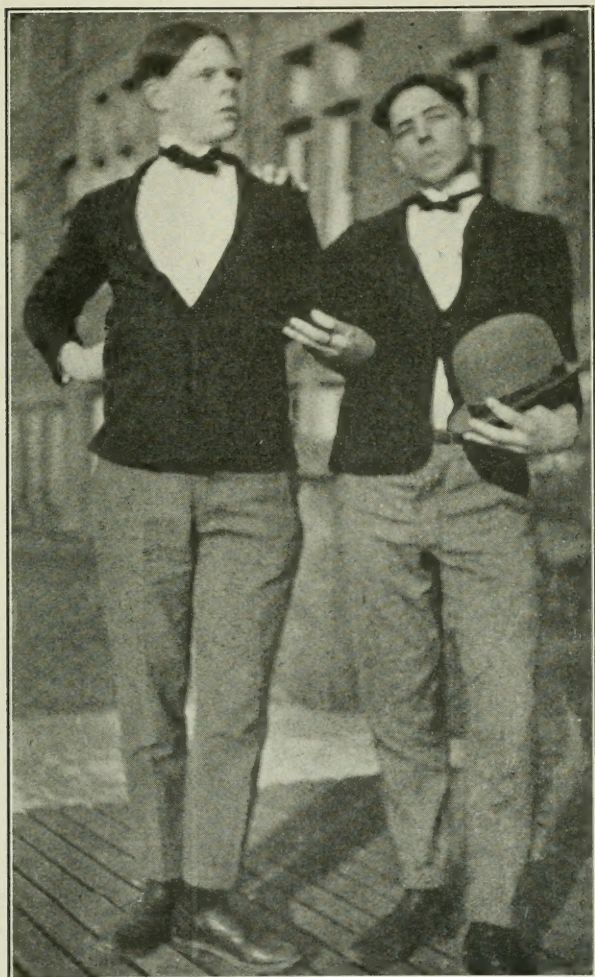
Thou shalt not lie (after the breakfast bell has sounded).

Thou shalt wear a bowler hat on Sunday.

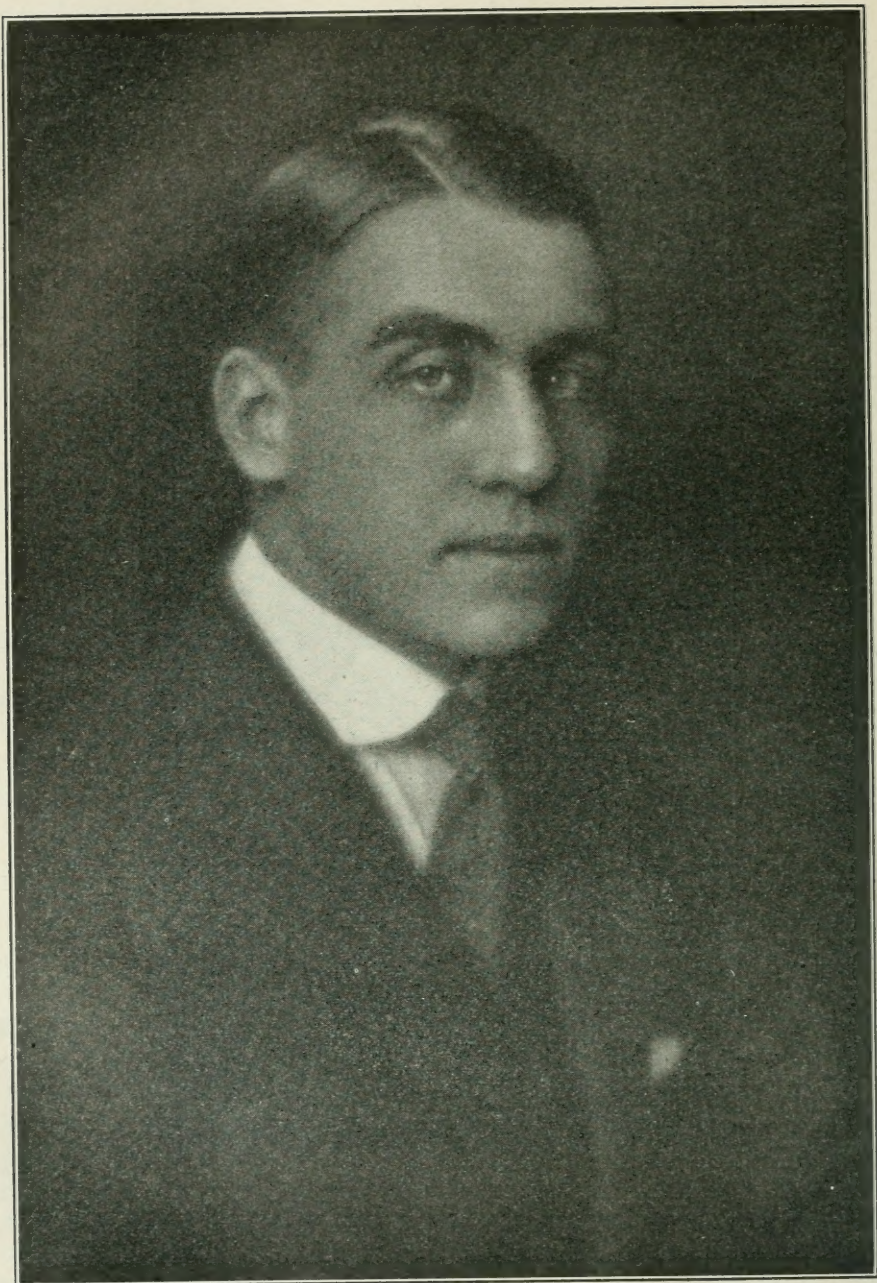
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's Latin book, nor his French exercise, nor his pencil, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

There are, all told, one hundred and ten commandments, but the above will give you a fair idea of what you must not do to avoid receiving detention. But, after all, what is the good of detention? You have to sit in a hot stuffy room; this must be injurious to your health. You write so rapidly that your arm becomes cramped and that beautiful copper-plate writing of which you were so justly proud soon develops into an illegible scrawl. I firmly believe that detention should be abolished; it puts you in a bad humour, does not increase your love for the master, and, besides, it wears out your trousers.

H. R. SPROTT.



SMALL TOWN STUFF



SMITH I.—HEAD PREFECT 1920-1921.

The School

"GERRY" SMITH—HEAD PREFECT.

We publish on the opposite page a very good likeness of our Head Prefect, Smith I., more popularly known as "Gerry." Being Head Prefect of a school like St. Andrew's is a big job, but Smith very ably fills the position. It is doubtful if there is a busier man north of the second bridge than this same Gerry. He ranks high in his form—the Upper Sixth; is captain of the Cadet Corps; manages the hockey team; is business manager of the *REVIEW*; is on the executive of the Athletic Association and the Literary Society; a member of numerous other committees, and last, but by no means least, plays the drum in the college orchestra.

But we have enumerated only the minor activities of the Head Prefect. His most important sphere is that of the medium through whom the boys voice their requests and complaints to the Headmaster. In this capacity Smith exhibits the utmost tact and diplomacy. This is not the first time we have had a Smith in the role of Head Prefect. If they are all as good as Gerry we hope we shall soon have another.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Literary Society for the season of 1920-21 was held on Friday evening, November 18th. A short programme was given, but the time was largely taken up in the election of officers. The performers on this occasion were chiefly new boys, Proudfoot being much in evidence. Scott, on the violin, rendered several good numbers, some of which were suspected of being of his own composition. Brunt spoke on his home village, Hanover, and Anderson gave a good speech on the College Street House.

The second meeting was held on Friday, December 3rd, and there were many good items on the programme. Plaunt had a good deal to say about that great Canadian metropolis, Hamilton. He told us what a fine chap the Hamilton police force was, and what

the main street looked like. "Pup" Murchison rendered several classical selections on the piano, and received a salvo of applause, while Richardson, as critic, did his duty so well that he was obliged to run another cross country.

The next meeting was most successful, although it consisted chiefly of readings. Tom Aspden gave a very exceptional reading on "Education Made Easy"; its chief characteristic was its length, and even Tom was tired when he had finished.

Friday, January 24th, saw a large turnout for the first meeting of the Easter term. Proudfoot opened hostilities with some gymnastics on the piano, but the big event of the evening was the debate; MacKenzie and Earle I. versus Chalker and Knechtel on "Are Movies an Evil or a Good to the Community?" MacKenzie told us how fine it was for the labouring classes to see great dramatic actors such as Ben Turpin and Harold Lloyd, at such low prices as the movies charged. The negative, however, won the judges' decision, more on their eloquence than the soundness of their argument. We also had some music from Giffin on the cornet and Hunter on the saxophone. It was a great fight, but Hunter won on superior condition.

The next meeting was held on the following Friday, and many exceptional speeches were given. Beatty gave a short speech which made Stephen Leacock look like two cents as a humourist. It was not so much what he said, but the way he said it. We also had some excellent views of Edinburgh on the magic lantern, accompanied by short explanatory remarks from Dr. Macdonald.

FINDLEY II.

THE LOWER SCHOOL LIT.

The Lower School Lit has always been heralded with great expectations by the lordly gentlemen of the Upper School, and this year it was no exception. Although mighty in many things these Upper School gentlemen are not in it with the genii of the Lower School when it comes to making Friday evening a success.

For three days before the great event rumours, speculations and excitement ran high. One rumour to the effect that there were to be moving pictures grew till, in the end, the inmates of the Upper School were satisfied that on Friday night they were going to see a regular two-reel Mack Sennet comedy. This rumour, may it be mentioned, was responsible for the majority of those present.

At the appointed hour the Assembly Hall was the scene of many expectant faces. In a silence, broken only by the noise of a pin which some careless person dropped, the first marvel, in the person of Young, seated himself at the piano and ran through a piece which was heartily applauded by his hearers. There being no encores permitted, Horsfall now took the floor and gave a very good reading, the main purpose of which seemed to be to contradict itself whenever and wherever possible. After a recitation by Ruddy, Craig, an old standby of the Lower School, having successfully completed his second lesson in music, rendered an intricate selection from Beethoven which required the use of as many as three fingers at one time.

At this stage of the programme Giffin, much to the surprise of all who were under the impression that he had graduated from the Lower School, began playing the "Love Nest" or something. He was fairly well under way when from behind the piano there emerged a charming young lady who danced and sang in such a way that she captivated her whole audience. Several fellows could scarcely believe their eyes when told that the beautiful lady was no lady but Master Fitz Randolph Crowe, dressed up in borrowed garments. Undoubtedly this was the feature of the evening, and the manner in which Crowe impersonated the members of the fair sex deserves great praise. He had all their arts and graces to perfection and, experienced though they are, those in the audience could not detect in him anything which might betray the fact that he was a boy. The applause from Crowe's performance having subsided, Murchison III. gave an interesting talk about his home town, Buenos Aires; this was followed by a patriotic recitation on the "Flag" by Fraser I. McCord on the piano was one of the best numbers of the evening, playing in such a way as to rival many an older fellow, while Smiley's speech on "Camping" was received in an uproarious manner, especially when he said that he was drowned last summer when canoeing, and then adding, as an after thought, "but I was pulled out." A reading, violin solo, and piano solo by Sprott II., Bethune II. and Ellsworth, respectively, received their due amount of applause, and then there followed something of a novelty in the form of a mouth-organ duet by Parker and Noriega II.; this developed into a solo about half-way through, as the hilarious state of mind in which Noriega found himself interfered somewhat with his playing. He recovered later, however, and was able to successfully complete his part, though interrupted once or twice by giggles with which he seemed to have an overabundant supply.

After another performance by Crowe, Sprott I. gave a speech on "Detention," in which he dealt with the sorrows of unfortunate detention workers.

The programme was concluded by the motion pictures which everybody had looked forward to with such interest, and though, not as rumours had it, a Mack Sennet production, they were just as good and were received with great appreciation. Having an Allen in the college is a great convenience, as movies are then supplied without the necessary digging down into pockets which is so terrible a strain on the school-boy who prefers his money to be spent on something that can be eaten.

Taking it all around the Lower School Lit. supplied more real enjoyment in their one night than the Upper School has since the season opened. The admirable way in which each part was carried out speaks well for the careful training the boys had received at the hands of Mr. Palmer, and it is hoped that some time in the near future the Literary Society will be treated to another visit from the Lower School.

J. H. SUPPLE.

THE CADET CORPS DANCE.

One of the many events which we have been able to hold as in past years is the Cadet Corps Dance. Flags and bunting made the Assembly Hall most attractive, while rugs and palms decorated the platform where the orchestra was seated. Due to the enthusiastic direction of Mrs. Macdonald and a score of helpers, several rooms were arranged in a manner most inviting to those sitting out. Large Union Jacks were draped about the old familiar stairway, and the halls presented a gay appearance. Oriental rugs, clusters of soft-upholstered easy chairs, with plants and candles adorning the mantelpiece, and a blazing fire completed the inviting aspect of the library.

February third was the evening set apart for this, one of the biggest events of the school year. The stores were daily the scene of anxious searches for the "pick" of uniforms, and after hours spent in polishing buttons, the corps was pronounced ready for its "at home."

At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive, and by nine the halls and Assembly Room were well crowded by the four hundred present. The floor was ideal, and a splendid orchestra of six rendered

music which was most inducive to dancing. During an intermission after the twelfth number a few extras were given by some old boys, Frank Somers at the piano, and Bob Dingman at the traps, as of yore.

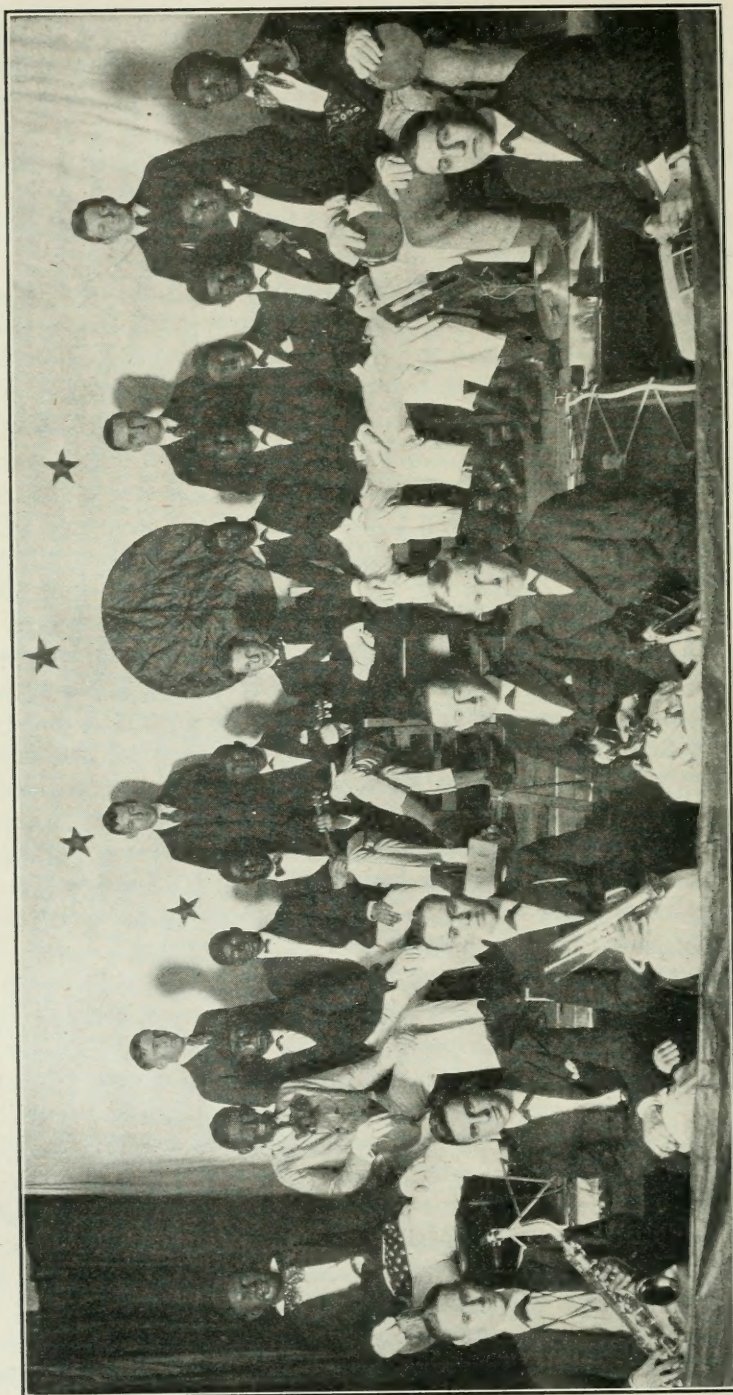
During the supper dances the dining room was filled with couples partaking of the delicious refreshments. This year, instead of an outside caterer arranging the tables, the college steward did so, and in a manner most commendable.

The party continued merrily until after midnight, and judging by the enthusiasm shown there was real regret when the last number was played at one-thirty. God Save the King and a lusty "Hoot" concluded an evening which none will deny was perfect in every detail.

DAYMENT.

THE MINSTREL SHOW.

Our second annual minstrel show was held in the college Assembly Hall on Friday, February 25th. This was one of our regular Literary Society meetings, but owing to considerable expense being incurred in the preparation of the show it was deemed advisable to sell tickets in order to defray the cost of production. When the curtains were thrown back at 8.15, a hall crowded to capacity greeted the merry-makers on the stage, and from the manner in which the opening number was received one knew that the minstrels had scored another success. In the first act the chorus appeared clad in red jackets and black trousers; perched jauntily on their heads were red and white "pill box" caps. The end-men were garbed in a manner suitable to their dignified roles with dress coats and white trousers, some of a near-fit and others voluminous. After the opening chorus, Huff rendered "The Moon Shines on the Moonshine," and when encored did a little eccentric dancing, which was very well received. "The Laughing Vamp," by the entire company, was one of the best numbers on the programme. This was followed by a solo from Grayson, "Grieving for you." Rastus and Heliotrope, impersonated by Huff and Daly, now gave some local hits, many of the boys and most of the master thereby suffering somewhat. "Left All Alone Again Blues" was sung by Wilson in a manner worthy of Al. Jolson. The first act ended with the entire company, accompanied by the college orchestra, singing "Margie." One of the features of this act was a speech



THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE MINSTRELS, 1921.

by Daly. He gave a very finished performance, and brought forth many a hearty laugh.

During the intermission the orchestra played two selections and Randolph Crowe, the famous female impersonator, entertained the audience with songs and dances. The second act, with the company in an entire change of costume, opened with the singing of "Somebody." Daly's interpretation of "I Know Where the Flies Go" scored a big hit. This was followed by "Carry Me Back to Old Verginny," by the Three-in-One Trio. Huff now rendered another song and then the end men gave that ever popular number, "Coon, Coon, Coon." This song, rendered in a novel manner, received a great ovation. "Down the Trail to Home Sweet Home," sung by Grayson in a clear tenor voice, brought tears to the eyes of many. A well balanced programme was closed with the entire company singing with great zip and abandon, "Cuba." After the National Anthem the guests of the school adjourned to the dining room where light refreshments were served.

Mention must be made of the good work done by Sission I. and Crowther as stage managers, also that of Chalker, the master electrician, who was ably assisted in handling the spot-light by Supple.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Interlocutor Cameron II.

End Men.

Rastus Huff

Heliotrope Daly

Sambo Wilson I.

George Washington Short Grayson

Chorus.

Peene, Glenn, Armstrong, Ellis I., Patterson III., Tyrer, Findley
II., MacKenzie I.

Musical Director Giffen

THE CADET CORPS.

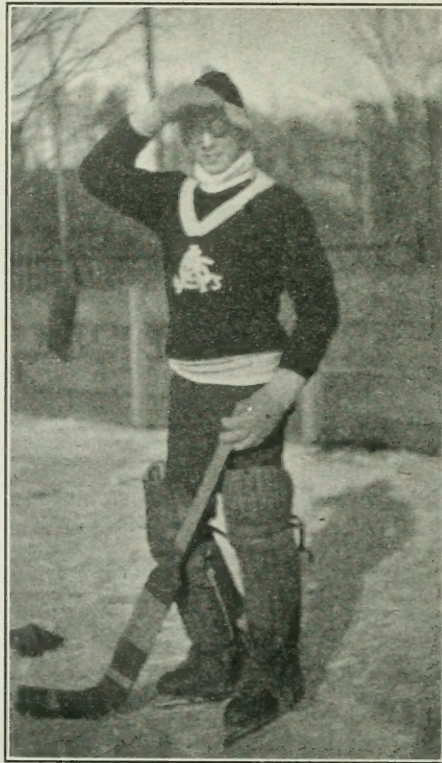
Sir Henry Burstall, the Inspector-General of Cadet Corps of Canada, is to visit Toronto in March, and the principal corps of the city are to parade. As this is an early date for a Cadet Corps inspection, we have had to arrange more drills. During the winter term there has been a prolonged noon hour in which period we have had pipe and bugle band practice, as well as rifle drill. The

result has been that the corps is in splendid condition, and expects to present a trim appearance at the Armouries. Upper Canada, De La Salle, Appleby, and several other corps will be represented, but we are confident that the traditions associated with the kilts will in no wise be endangered.

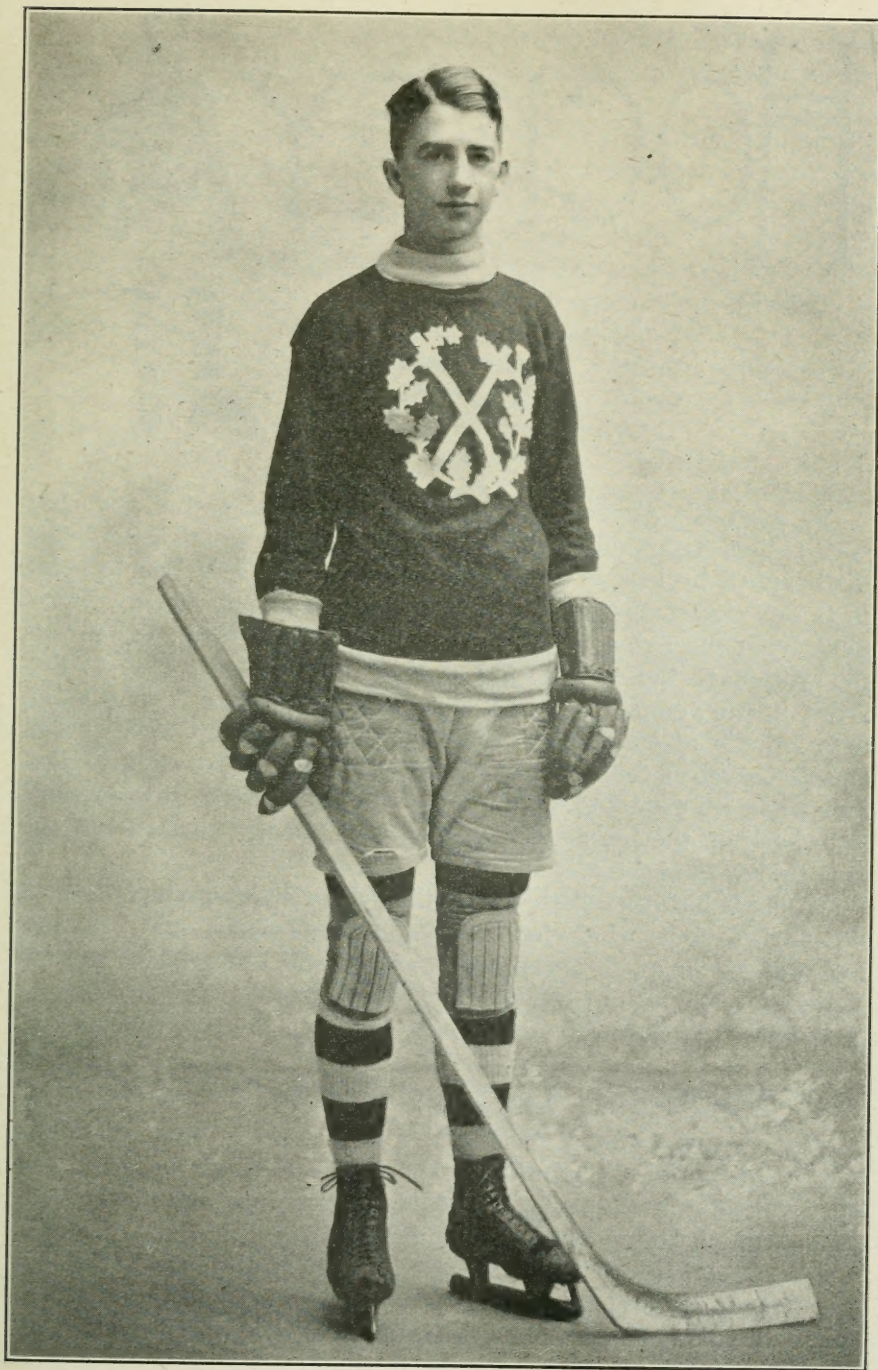
BASKETBALL.

The basketball team this term is not as great a success as it was last year, owing to the fact that nearly all our basketball players are hockey enthusiasts, and so far this year, although we have had a few practices, no team has been chosen, or any games arranged.

It is to be hoped before the ground dries out, and we prepare for summer sports, that the team may get under way, and meet with the success we have always had in this game.



HOCKEY À LA MEXICO.



FINDLAY III—CAPTAIN, FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1920-1921.

HOCKEY



To most St. Andrew's boys the hockey season this year has been rather disappointing. The junior teams have been badly handicapped by lack of ice, while our senior team failed to come up to our expectations. Cameron's illness, and subsequent retirement from the game, proved a sad blow to the team, for it was not until near the close of the season that we were able to discover, in his younger brother, a reliable goalkeeper. The team, however, did at times play remarkably good hockey, and we can console ourselves for numerous defeats by looking forward to next year when we expect to have most of the members of this season's team back on the job as well as plenty of good material from our very strong second team.

We have had very little ice on the school rinks during the past two months, but, whenever skating was possible, the younger boys did not delay in arranging matches and accounts of several of the more important of these games, as well as all those played by the first and second teams, can be found on the following pages.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.

Cameron II.—“Joe,” weight 127 lbs. Goal. Plays the same cool, steady game as his brother Jack. First year on the team, and with a little more experience should develop into one of the best net guardians that ever represented St. Andrew's.

Draper—“Harvey,” weight 161 lbs. Left Defense. Uses his weight to good advantage, and always plays a clean, hard game. This is the first season he has worn St. Andrews' colours.

Peene—"Dave," weight 152 lbs. Right Defense. Showed great improvement as the season advanced. Not a good puck carrier, but played a strong defensive game.

MacLeod—"Chuck," weight 145 lbs. Left Wing. An old colour. A fast, aggressive player and a fair shot. At times somewhat erratic in his play and inclined to wander from his position.

Drury—"Bob," weight 145 lbs. Right Wing. First year on the team. A left-hand shot, and thus at a decided disadvantage in playing the Right Wing position. A good stick handler and checks back well. Should be a valuable man next year.

Findlay III.—"Bruce," weight 124 lbs. Centre. Captained the team. A splendid stick-handler and skater. Worked in well on all combination plays, but is a little weak in shooting.

Richardson—"Jimmie," weight 146 lbs. Substitute. A good, useful player. A hard worker, but a little weak in stick-handling.

MacLaren II.—"Gord," weight 128 lbs. Showed great improvement toward the end of the season. Will be a useful forward next year.

Sissons I. and Patterson III. managed the team very efficiently, while Smith I. looked after the handling of the tickets for the games and conducted any business which the team had to transact with the rink management.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

On Friday, January 14, St. Andrew's met Upper Canada at the Arena. The teams lined up as follows:

U.C.C.		S.A.C.
Home.....	Goal.....	Gordon
Mulqueen.....	Defence.....	Carrick I.
Granger.....	Defence.....	Draper
Wright.....	Right Wing.....	Drury I.
Greey.....	Left Wing.....	MacLeod
Reinhart.....	Centre.....	Findlay III.
Lamport.....	Sub.	Stonehouse
Slaght.....	Sub.	Peene

PERIOD 1.

U. C. C. led off and bombarded S. A. C. goal for several minutes, but Draper took puck back in a long rush, but his shot failed to

materialize. Play went from end to end, and it was only Carrick's checking which broke up U. C. C. combination. MacLeod secured the puck and carried it through the defense and scored—U. C. C. 0; S. A. C. 1. S. A. C. carried puck repeatedly into U. C. C. territory, but shooting failed. MacLeod played brilliantly at this time both in checking and rushing. U. C. C. carried puck past our defense and Greey beat Gordon for U. C. C.'s first tally. S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 1. Play was fast and furious till end of period, both sides playing fine hockey. Period ended S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 1.

PERIOD 2.

U. C. C. carried puck to S. A. C.'s end, but Drury, outskating their forwards, passed the defense and scored, U.C.C. 1; S.A.C. 2. Play became rough and Drury and Greey were sent off for a sojourn on the boards. Drury got away, but failed in scoring. Greey took the puck and carried it through for U. C. C.'s last tally. U. C. C. 2; S. A. C. 2.

Gordon played a good game in the nets, keeping out some wicked shots. Period ended, S. A. C. 2; U. C. C. 2.

PERIOD 3.

Both teams were tired and irritable, and S. A. C. had the edge throughout, though they failed in scoring. Drury outskated everybody on the ice, and Findlay at centre played a fine game. Both teams seemed determined to win, but both defenses had tightened up, and the period was scoreless. S. A. C. 2; U. C. C. 2.

OVERTIME PERIOD.

Play went all to U. C. C. end and Home saved wonderfully, but after a nice rush, Carrick passed to Findlay who scored. S. A. C. 3; U. C. C. 2. S. A. C. kept up the good work and the game ended, S. A. C. 3; U. C. C. 2.

On the whole the game was a good exhibition of hockey, but individual play was more noticeable than good combination.

S. A. C. vs. U. T. S.

On January 17 the team met U. T. S. at the Arena. Prior to the game Bruce Findlay was elected captain, an appointment which was well merited. The teams lined up as follows:

U.T.S.		S.A.C.
Gooch.....	Goal	Gordon
Porter	Defence	Draper
Munro	Defence	Carrick I.
Mills.....	Righ Wing	Drury I.
MacMaster.....	Left Wing	MacLeod
Plaxton.....	Centre	Findlay III.
Mowrey.....	Sub	Stonehouse
Hutchison.....	Sub	Peene

PERIOD 1.

S. A. C. carried the puck immediately into U. T. S. territory, and after hardly a minute's play passed U. T. S. defense and tallied, S. A. C. 1; U. T. S. 0. Drury was put off, and in his absence U. T. S. carried puck to S. A. C. end and Plaxton scored for U. T. S., evening up the score. S. A. C. 1; U. T. S. 1. Immediately after, in a mixup in front of goal, U. T. S. scored again U. T. S. 2; S. A. C. 1. Period ended, U. T. S. 2; S. A. C. 1.

PERIOD 2.

S. A. C. carried the puck again into U. T. S. end and Carrick bulged the net on a pass from Findlay. U. T. S. 2; S. A. C. 2. U. T. S. carried the puck back into S. A. C. territory, but Gordon saved the day. Munro was sent off for a second time, and taking advantage of his absence, S. A. C. pounded their goal, but were unsuccessful. Carrick was put off and in their anxiety to score the forwards left Draper alone on the defense, U. T. S. took the puck and outskating our forward line passed Draper and scored. Period ended, U. T. S. 3; S. A. C. 2.

PERIOD 3.

This was a most disastrous period and the whole team seemed to be up in the air, with the result U. T. S. shot in five goals, bringing the score, U. T. S. 8; S. A. C. 2. Undaunted, Findlay, MacLeod and Drury made some fine rushes, especially Findlay who was a team in himself. They checked every rush, and time and again Draper took the puck back into U. T. S. territory, but failed to score. MacLeod, however, passed the defense in a nice rush and tallied the last goal of the game. Game ended, U. T. S. 8; S. A. C. 3.

The game was far tighter than the score would indicate, and this was the first time, and perhaps the last, that the team showed

any inclination towards combination, later relying almost absolutely on the speed and stick handling of the forward line. Plaxton played a good game for U. T. S.

S. A. C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S.

St. Andrew's first team met St. Michael's on January 21 at the Arena. The teams lined up as follows:

S.M.C.		S.A.C.
James	Goal	Gordon
Rooney	Defence	Carrick I.
McCarney	Defence	Draper
Gauthier	Right Wing	Drury I.
Murphy	Left Wing	MacLeod
Millan	Centre	Findlay III.
Jones	Sub.	Peene
Smith	Sub.	MacLaren I.

FIRST PERIOD.

Play began with St. Mike's on offensive, and their fine combination plays kept Gordon always busy. The defense did fine work, and it was only Carrick and Draper's play which kept the first period scoreless. Findlay also played a nice game at centre. Murphy for S.M.C. played the best game, although he and all the rest of the team failed to rally during first period.

SECOND PERIOD.

Play again began with S. M. C. on the offensive, but our forwards had livened up, and MacLeod, Findlay and Drury played a very good game individually, but they played very little combination, and the result was S. M. C. kept up a steady stream of shots from both wings. Murphy scored the first for S.M.C., and then two more went in in quick succession, S. M. C. 3; S. A. C. 0. Play rushed from end to end. Draper and Findlay played their best game at this time. Period ended, S. M. C. 3; S. A. C. 0.

THIRD PERIOD.

S. M. C. started in with a rush, and Gauthier drove in two more before the defense closed down, S. M. C. 5; S. A. C. 0. Then

our forwards started to work. MacLeod and Findlay repeatedly drove through the defense, and then in the last five minutes Drury, with a wicked shot from the wing, scored, S. M. C. 5; S. A. C. 1. Hardly was the puck faced off when Drury went through and scored again. S. M. C. 5; S. A. C. 2. Scarcely was goal tallied when the bell rang.

St. Mikes showed far superior combination to our team, but their checking was not so good as that of our forwards. It was in this game that the Carrick-Draper defense did so well, and Carrick's rushes were the best on the team.

S. A. C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S.

St. Andrew's met S. M. C. at the Arena for the second time, and as St. Mike's were winners in the group, we did very well to hold them to a one nothing score. The lion's share of the good stand we made is due almost entirely to Cameron and Carrick, both playing in brilliant form: The line-up:

S. A. C.		St. Mike's.
Cameron II.	Goal	James
Draper	Defence	Rooney
Carrick I.	Defence	McCarney
Findlay II.	Centre	Gauthier
Drury	Left Wing	Murphy
MacLeod	Right Wing	Millan
MacLaren	Sub.	Jones
Peene	Sub.	Smith

PERIOD 1.

St. Mike's carried the puck into S. A. C. territory, but Carrick broke their combination and rushing through their defense, shot, but failed to score. St. Mike's carried it back, and bombarded Cameron freely, but Joe showed some of Jack's style and successfully kept them out. MacLeod and Drury made a fine combination play, but again a score failed to materialize. The S. M. C. forwards rushed up again and again, but Findlay did some good back checking, and S. M. C. went scoreless.

PERIOD 2.

S. A. C. started the period well by carrying the puck into S. M. C. territory, but in rushing back one of the St. Mike's defense,

Rooney, tried to hurdle Carrick, and Carrick inadvertently raised himself, and the man was laid out. After a few minutes he proceeded gamely to play, but his game was not as good as it had been. Carrick was not to be blamed for this action, as it was entirely unintentional. In the end of the period this man tried the same trick, and very nearly met the same fate. The play became quite rough at this point, and it was owing to the good work of Draper and Drury that S. M. C. went scoreless, and, later, when MacLeod was the only forward on the ice, he played splendidly. The period ended scoreless.

PERIOD 3.

S. M. C. started off with a punch, and one of their men was sent to the penalty box. Both teams were tired, and as a result, the play was ragged, and penalties were very frequent. MacLeod, Findlay and Drury were undoubtedly the best. Both sides were trusting to luck, and several times on a face-off scoring was averted by a hair's breadth, and on several of MacLeod's wing shots the goalkeeper saved more by good luck than good management. Findlay starred all through the forward play, rushing repeatedly through the defense. S. A. C. had undoubtedly the edge on the period.

OVERTIME.

Both teams came on the ice fresh, and after three minutes' play S. M. C. scored on a vicious shot from right wing, which passed Cameron. Findlay took the puck into the defense time and time again, but failed to score. S. A. C. 0; S. M. C. 1.

This was undoubtedly the best game we had in the season, and the team deserves to be heartily congratulated on its game, especially Cameron, who showed up splendidly.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

S. A. C.		U. C. C.
Cameron	Goal	Home
Draper	Defense	Lamport
Carrick	Defense	Mulqueen
Findlay	Centre	Reinhart
MacLeod	Left Wing	Greey
Drury	Right Wing	Wright
Richardson	Subs.	Skaith
MacLaren	Subs.	Slaght

PERIOD 1.

U. C. C. took the puck at once into S. A. C. end, evading our defense, but Reinhart's shot failed to score. Draper carried the puck back, but U.C.C. had a wonderful back-check, and soon the puck was back in S. A. C. end. Drury, MacLeod and Findlay tried to rush it out, but failed, and in the melee which followed U. C. C. scored a very doubtful goal. U. C. C. 1; S. A. C. 0. Again both teams started off at terrific speed and S. A. C. bombarded U C. C. goal frequently, when U. C. C. forwards took the puck and outskating our forward line were driven into a corner by the defense, but on the rebound Reinhart scored. S. A. C. 0; U. C. C. 2. Play was much in U. C. C.'s favour when MacLeod secured the puck and scored on one of his wicked wing shots. S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 2.

PERIOD 2.

U. C. C. started again, using the same tactics, going down and bouncing the puck off the boards to the everready Reinhart, but he had found in Findlay a very able opponent, who broke up their rebound system, usually running the puck back again into U. C. C. end, but Lamport and Mulqueen were an admirable defense, and Mulqueen's rushes were only broken up when he encountered Carrick. The U. C. C. forwards ran the puck back into S. A. C. end and scored. S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 3. U. C. C. took the puck back again, but Drury broke up the play, carried the puck back, very nearly scoring. S. A. C. then bombarded Home freely, but failed to score. Period ended 3-1.

PERIOD 3.

S. A. C. started well, but play was very ragged, and the combination was poor. Findlay, Drury and MacLeod worked hard, but their rushes were usually broken up by U. C. C. back-checking. Cameron saved a large number of hard shots. Draper rushed, but Mulqueen checking him carried the puck down, and in a mixup in front of goal U. C. C. scored again. U. C. C. 4; S. A. C. 1.

After this it was all S. A. C. Findlay bombarded the goal from every angle, and Drury passed the defense several times, but failed in scoring. Reinhart, Greey and Wright were checked every time they started, but S. A. C. did not score, and the game ended. S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 4.

Carrick and Draper played an excellent defensive game, while Cameron in goal performed like a veteran. Findlay was best on the forward line.

For U. C. C. Reinhart and Skaith were by far the best.

S. A. C. vs. U. T. S.

Our last O. H. A. game was played against U. T. S. on Feb. 3rd. The line-up of the two teams was the same as on their previous engagement, except that Peene replaced Carrick I. on the St. Andrew's defense.

There is little to relate about the game. The minds of the S. A. C. boys must have been on the College dance, which was to be held that evening. Judging by their play they were thinking of anything but hockey. U. T. S. won by a wide margin. Their team showed a marked improvement as the season advanced, and they well deserved to win second place in the group.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

On Saturday, February 12th, St. Andrew's journeyed to Port Hope to meet the Trinity College School First Hockey Team. Fortunately, there had been a heavy frost the previous night so an excellent sheet of ice was provided for the game. The game was called for 1.45 to enable the St. Andrew's team to catch the 4.05 train for Toronto. The teams lined up as follows:

S. A. C.		T. C. S.	
Cameron II.	Goal		Doupe
Draper	Defense		Cruickshank
Peene	Defence		Turner II.
Findlay III.	Centre		Merrill (Capt.)
Drury	Right Wing		Mulholland
MacLeod	Left Wing		Cameron
McLaren	Subs.		McPherson
Richardson	Subs.		Johnston I.

FIRST PERIOD.

T. C. S. rushed St. Andrew's goal from the face-off, but shot wildly. Findlay was forced to retire for a few minutes, having received accidentally a blow from an opponent's stick. McLaren replaced him and very nearly scored for St. Andrew's. After about five minutes' play Drury evaded the T. C. S. defense and drove a shot past Doupe for the first tally of the game. Play became ragged, neither team attempting any combination, while considerable slashing was indulged in. Mulholland drew a penalty for tripping Findlay and the latter followed him to the penalty box a moment

later for a similar offence. Before the period ended T. C. S. tied the score, Merrill bulging the net on a lucky shot from a face-off in front of S. A. C. goal. Good hockey was not in evidence during this period, the play resembling very much that old-fashioned game of shinney. St. Andrew's found it difficult to get going on the small ice surface, while T. C. S., judging from the remarks made by their supporters, were not playing up to their true form.

SECOND PERIOD.

Early in the period Draper made a nice rush and centred to Findlay, who batted the puck past the T. C. S. goalie. Cameron saved nicely for St. Andrew's on several occasions, but was not kept as busy as the T. C. S. goal-keeper. St. Andrew's should have scored several times during this period, but weak and wild shooting, coupled with some good stops by Doupe, kept the score down. Drury and Findlay played good hockey in this period, but there was still a great lack of team-play by both sides.

During this period an amusing incident took place, a football fell from one of the rafters of the rink. MacLeod attempted to kick it over the wire netting which surrounds the ice surface. Of course, MacLeod is a scrimmage man, and never pretended to be an expert punter, so when he went to kick the ball—well, you'd better ask "Mac" about it! Anyway, it provided considerable amusement for the T. C. S. boys who were watching the game. Harve Draper came to MacLeod's rescue, and when his toe hit the old pig-skin it soared back again into the rafters and the game proceeded. The period ended with St. Andrew's leading by a score of 2 to 1.

THIRD PERIOD.

Things began to happen in the final period. The T. C. S. boys opened up a terrific bombardment on the S. A. C. goal and gave Cameron a busy few minutes. Play became faster and T. C. S. altered their tactics, checking St. Andrew's right at their own goal instead of falling back to centre. Penalties were handed out frequently to both teams. On a mix-up in front of the St. Andrew's net T. C. S. scored the tying goal. This goal was disputed, but was allowed by Referee Grant. A few minutes later T. C. S. took the lead, scoring on a pretty combination play, Merrill being responsible for the shot that beat Cameron. Drury evaded the T. C. S. defense, but failed to score. On a face-off in front of T. C. S.

goal, Findlay scored the final counter of the game, making the score three all. In this period T. C. S. had the better of the play, but tired badly in the last five minutes. It had been agreed by both teams that in the event of a tie no overtime would be played.

Barring the first ten minutes of the final period the game was a poor exhibition of hockey. For T. C. S. Turner played a strong game, rushing and shooting well, while "Runt" Cameron, at left wing, put up a plucky fight until forced to retire towards the end of the last period. Findlay, Draper and Drury showed up well for St. Andrew's. "Tod" Grant handled the game in a most satisfactory manner.

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

On Saturday, February 26th, we played the return game with T. C. S. at the Arena. The line-up was as follows:

T. C. S.		S. A. C.
Doupe.....	Goal	Cameron II.
Osler II.....	Defense	Draper
Turner II.....	Defense	Peene
Merrill.....	Centre	Findlay III.
Mulholland	Left Wing	MacLeod
Cruikshank.....	Right Wing	Drury
Cameron	Subs.	MacLaren
Macpherson	Subs.	Richardson
Jones I.....	Spare Goal	

PERIOD ONE.

T. C. S. took puck immediately after face-off and in a flash of brilliant combination Merrill shot the puck past Cameron—T. C. S. 1; S. A. C. 0. MacLeod rushed the puck through the defense, but Doupe made a nice save of what seemed a certain goal. It was here that the T. C. S. forwards showed their undisputed superiority in both speed and combination by rushing the puck back to our end, but Peene showed some good checking and saved the day. T. C. S. rushed the puck back and Mulholland scored. T. C. S. 2; S. A. C. 0. The Trinity forward line now bombarded Cameron quite freely, but "Joe" played a good game until Cruikshanks passed Peene and scored on another shot from the wing. T. C. S. 3; S. A. C. 0.

PERIOD TWO.

T. C. S. used their combination again to get S. A. C. end and Mulholland drove a wicked wing shot at Cameron, who saved. Draper rushed puck back, passed to Findlay, who failed to score. Trinity took play back to our end and on a fine shot Mulholland again beat Cameron. T. C. S. 4; S. A. C. 0. Our forwards then kept the play in T. C. S. end, but failed in scoring. T. C. S. 4; S. A. C. 0.

PERIOD THREE.

Findlay took puck into T. C. S. territory, but using their wonderful combination Trinity took the puck back, and Mulholland scored again. The puck was faced-off and the same man rushed past Draper and scored. T. C. S. 6; S. A. C. 0. Play went from end to end, and in a mixup in front of goal, Mulholland scored again. T. C. S. 7; S. A. C. 0. Draper took puck back and passed to Findlay who scored. T. C. S. 7; S. A. C. 1. S. A. C. then left the defense and shot continually, but Doupe was good and they failed to score. Turner took the puck on the rebound off Draper's shot, rushed down and scored. T. C. S. 8; S. A. C. 1. This was the last tally, and Trinity won the game on their superior speed and combination. It was a clean exhibition of hockey, not a single penalty being imposed on either side.

U. C. C. II. vs. S. A. C. II.

On Saturday, Feb. 19th, at the Arena, S. A. C. II. met U. C. C. II. The game was a success from two points of view. It was a victory, and it also unearthed some admirable material for next year. The line-up:

S.A.C. II.		U.C.C. II.
Skeaff	Centre	Meech
Lyon	Right Wing	Dean
Findlay II.	Left Wing	Martin
King	Defense	Hargraft
Carrick II.	Defense	Branton
Lewis	Goal	Tamplet
Earle II.	Subs.	McCray
Hambly	Subs.	King
.....		White.

Referee—Trotter.

PERIOD 1.

Play centred around S. A. C. end, but owing to Findlay's and Carrick's checking U. C. C. did not score. King rushed the puck to U. C. C. end, but did not succeed in passing the defense. Hargraft rushed back and in a mixup the puck was batted in past Lewis by Grant. U. C. C. 1; S. A. C. 0. King rushed the puck into U. C. C. territory, but failed in scoring. Lyon shot from wing, but Tamplet saved, however, Hambly scored on the rebound S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 1. Meech shortly after passed our defense and scored, U. C. C. 2; S. A. C. 1. King by some nice stick-handling worked his way through and very nearly scored. Period ended, S. A. C. 1; U. C. C. 2.

King was elected captain at the end of this period. The choice was a good one, as King has had plenty of experience.

PERIOD 2.

S. A. C. rushed puck into U. C. C. end, and Skeaff scored on a pass from King. U. C. C. 2; S. A. C. 2. Skeaff took puck and rushing past the defense scored again. S. A. C. 3; U. C. C. 2. U. C. C. rushed into our end, but Carrick showed some of his brother's style and broke up the attack. Skeaff ran the puck back and scored again. S. A. C. 4; U. C. C. 2. Lewis, after this, made some fine saves and cleared well. Findlay rushed and passed to Skeaff who failed to score. U. C. C. rushed puck back into our end, but Skeaff took it back, passed to Hambly, who scored. S. A. C. 5; U. C. C. 2. U. C. C. then kept puck in our end, but owing to Lyon, Carrick and Lewis they failed in scoring. Game ended. S. A. C. 5; U. C. C. 2.

Skeaff and Lewis were best for the winners, while Meech showed up well for the losers.

R. H. ANDERSON.

HOUSE AND FORM MATCHES.

ROOM 105 vs. THE REST OF THE LOWER FLAT.

On Tuesday, February 1st, the boys of Room 105 met and defeated by a score of 3 to 0 a team composed of the hockey stars from all the other rooms on the flat. Smart combination play by the lads of 105 proved too much for their opponents and the result of the match was never in doubt. For the winners Birkett checked and rushed well while Cameron III.'s shooting was particularly

effective. Munn I. was best for the losers. The winning team lined-up as follows:

Room 105—Goal, Reid; Defense, Robertson II., and Crosbie II.; Centre, Birkett; Right Wing, Grant; Left Wing, Cameron III.

ROOM 105 vs. ROOM 215.

The next House match was played on Saturday, February 5th. This was a very keenly contested game, and the boys of 105 had to extend themselves to win by a score of 2 to 1. Only five men a side were played, owing to Robertson II. being incapacitated. The combination work of the boys from the lower flat was responsible for their finishing with the bigger end of the score. In Reid, Birkett and Cameron III. the school has three forwards that will bear watching during the next few seasons. For the losers Taggart and Cameron II. played well. The teams lined up as follows:

Room 105—Goal, Crosbie; defense, Grant I.; centre, Birkett; wings, Cameron III., and Reid.

Room 215—Goal, Cochrane; defense, Palmer; centre, Patterson III.; Wings, Cameron II. and Taggart.

FORM IIIA vs. FORM IIIB.

A fast and spectacular game of hockey was played on Monday, Feb. 21st, when the IIIA "Midgets" met the "Small Fry" of IIIB. Only two twenty minute periods were played and at half time IIIB was leading by a score of 1 to 0, but early in the second period Whilans drove a wicked shot past Horsfall, making the score a tie. Play now became fast and furious. Eddie Noonan was benched for slashing and a moment later McLennan II. drew a major penalty for throwing his stick. Both teams scored in quick succession, and it began to look as though overtime would have to be played in order to declare a winner, but with one minute to play Waldo Holden carried the puck through the entire IIIA team and scored the winning goal.

For the winners, Noonan and Holden played fine hockey, while Whilans, Chalmers and McLennan II. starred for IIIA. The teams lined up as follows:

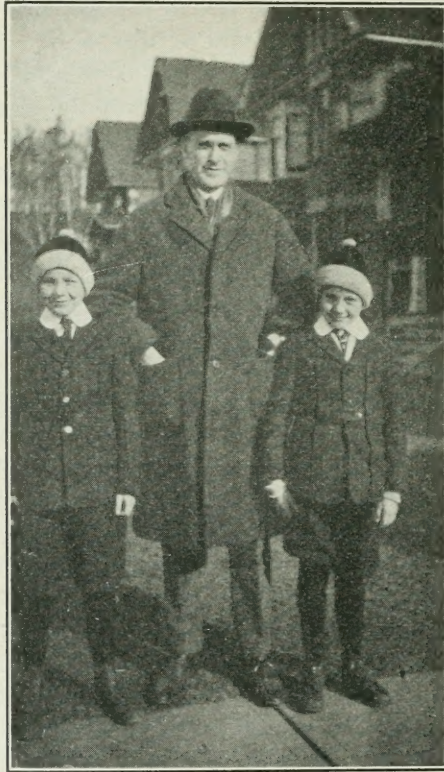
IIIB—Goal, Horsfall; defense, Holden; centre, Duffus; wings, McDonald and Noonan.

IIIA—Goal, Gallagher; defense, Whilans; centre, Chalmers; wings, Brown I. and McLennan II.

Our Old Boys

OLD BOYS' NEWS

We publish below a photograph which should interest most of our old boys. "Doug." Fraser was the first boy enrolled at St. Andrew's College. Here he is with his two sons, Bob and Phil, both attending the college this year. We have now three boys of



"DOUG." FRASER AND HIS TWO SONS—ALL LOYAL ANDREANS.

the second generation at the school. How many are we going to have next year?

Jack Applegath and Alan Pringle, who left the College at Christmas, are now with the National Trust Co.

"Tod" Grant returned from New York last October, and is now

holding an important position with the Smoot Service Corporation of this city. "Tod" occasionally finds time to referee an O. H. A. match, and he continues to take a keen interest in any athletic event in which St. Andrew's is concerned.

"Rufus" Syer may be found at the A. E. Ames & Co. between the hours of nine and five (sometimes later); after that he is usually at the College where he is performing the duties of a house master.

B. W. Emerson is with Aemilius Jarvis & Co.

Gordon Hewitt and Grant Stirrett represented Varsity in the Intercollegiate assault-at-arms. Hewitt successfully defended his title as Intercollegiate champion fencer, while Stirrett was entered in the heavy weight boxing.

The many old Andreans at the dinner tendered the Varsity Rugby team gave Dr. Macdonald a very cordial reception when he rose to present the miniature Earl Grey cups to the members of the championship team. Four old boys, Stirrett, Taylor, Rolph and Earle were among those to receive these trophies.

The school has recently received visits from Charlie Shaw of Huntsville, Gordon Spohn, Russell Carr and Stanley Gordon, also during the past term quite a number of old boys have attended Sunday evening chapel service on various occasions.

C. S. Lee is now studying law at Osgoode Hall.

Joe McDougall, a former member of the REVIEW staff, has been appointed literary editor of the *Goblin*, the new Varsity humorous magazine.

The attention of all Old Boys is directed to the fact that the annual meeting of the Old Boys' Association will take place at the school on Friday evening, April 1st, when the Old Boys will be the guests of the school at dinner at 7.00 o'clock.

As the school is back in North Rosedale, it is expected that there will be a large turn-out of Old Boys. Notices will be sent out in due course, and in the meantime the Secretary of the Old Boys' Association asks all Old Boys to keep the date in mind. If the notice does not reach you, in any case, drop a line to the Secretary of the school expressing your intention of being present, so that a place will be reserved for you.

OLD BOYS' DINNER AT WINNIPEG.

On Thursday, December 9th, the annual meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the Old Boys' Association was held in the Fort

Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, when the Old Boys were the guests of the Headmaster at dinner. The following officers were elected: A. D. McRae, President; E. F. Stovel, Secretary.

A very enjoyable evening was spent, the Association having as its guests, Colonel W. G. Bell, of Winnipeg, and Mr. J. G. Merrick, and Mr. Norton Crow, of Toronto.

The Headmaster states that the pleasure of seeing the Old Boys again was ample compensation in itself for the time spent in the journey to Winnipeg to keep the appointment.

BIRTHS.

To MR. and MRS. GEORGE RUDOLF COPELAND, on June 14th, 1920, a son (Jacques Rudolf Henry).

To MR. and MRS. DAVID W. BOOTH, on June 20th, 1920, a son.

To MR. and MRS. E. W. THOMPSON, on June, 29th, 1920, a son.

To MR. and MRS. JAMES W. BICKNELL, on July 1st, 1920, a son.

To MR. and MRS. J. A. D. MCCURDY, on January 18th, 1921, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. R. T. CARLYLE, on February 13th, 1921, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. DAVID B. CARLYLE, on February 18th, 1921, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. LYMAN P. HOWE, on October 22nd, 1920 a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HAROLD S. LECKIE, on October 22nd, 1919, to Miss Josephine Crombie, of Montreal.

DR. LORNE C. MONTGOMERY, on June 9th, 1920, to Miss Evelyn Jackson.

ROBERT MCLEOD MYERS, on June 9th, 1920, to Miss Lamont, of Brandon.

WILLIAM REGINALD SHAW, on June 9th, 1920, to Miss Lillian McBride.

GEORGE F. DIMOCK, on June 10th, 1920, to Miss Douglas.

FREDERICK V. JOHNSTON, on June 16th, 1920, to Miss Jean Thorburn.

E. M. SMITH, on June 23rd, 1920, to Miss Agnes McCrae.

EDWARD EVANS, on July 28th, 1920, to Miss Jeanie Shiras McLachlan, of Guelph, Ontario.

HENRY GORDON SPOHN, on January 29th, 1921, to Miss Beatrice Donalds Coates, of Montreal.

C. E. KILMER, on February 12th, 1921, to Miss Isobel McCausland, of Toronto.

W. B. MCPHERSON, on October 14th, 1920, to Miss Flora Macdonald, of Toronto.

DR. FRANK R. KING, on October 26th, 1920, to Miss Jeffrey, of Winnipeg.

E. F. CHESTNUT, on December 15th, 1920, to Miss Phyllis Louise Hewson, of Penetanguishene, Ontario.

OBITUARY.

COPPING, NORMAN JUDSON, was born in Toronto on May 14th, 1886. He came up to St. Andrew's College from McCaul Public School in September, 1901, and left in June, 1902, to enter business. For some years he was with his father in the firm of Geo. R. Copping & Son. When his father was lost in the sinking of the Lusitania he took charge of the business, and was also engaged in manufacturing. Some time ago he sold his manufacturing interests and confined his attention to the affairs of his company.

On February 3rd, 1921, he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia after a few days' illness.

Norman Copping had many friends, both at school and in later life, who will miss him very much. His old school joins with them in sympathetic regard for the widow and children who are left behind to mourn his passing.

HORN, HUBERT LEE, was born on November 26th, 1896. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Winnipeg in September, 1913, and left in June, 1915. After matriculating into McGill University in the autumn of the same year he entered upon his university course at Chicago. In 1918 he died in Kansas City. The news of his death reached the REVIEW only a few weeks ago.

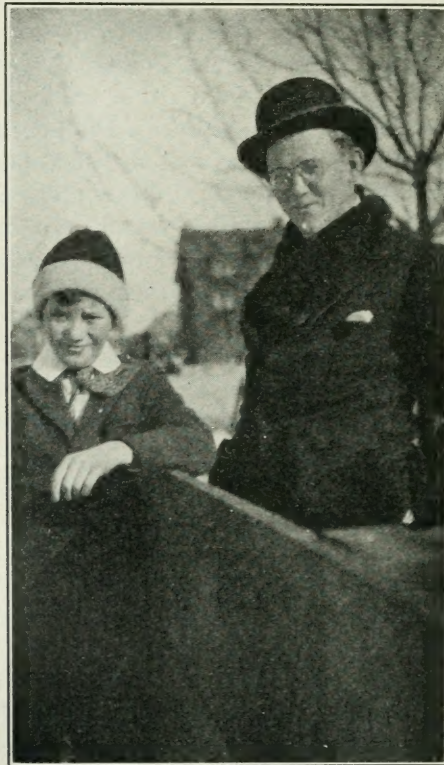
While at St. Andrew's College Horn took an interest in all the school activities, and was on the Second Football Team. Many of his old school friends will learn with sorrow that his earthly course has been of such brief duration.

BROWN, HENRY CLIFFORD, was born on May 26th, 1900. He came to St. Andrew's College from Columbia High School in September, 1917, and left in June, 1918, to attend the University of Missouri.

In 1917 he played on the Second Football Team, and during the winter term filled the position of Historian in the Literary Society. In October, 1918, he joined the Officers' Training Corps at Columbia, Missouri.

During the summer vacation of 1920 he was working as a brakeman. In the course of his duty he got off his train at a dangerous switch and received serious injuries to which he succumbed five days later.

Clifford Brown was a very popular boy at school. His good nature, sense of humour and unfailing readiness to lend a helping hand made him very welcome wherever he went. Many of his old school mates will learn with great regret of the fatal accident which brought his earthly career to such a sudden close.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON—"CAGED BIRDS"



From a cupboard securely locked against eager and inquisitive hands the Exchange Editor now draws forth a vast supply of accumulated exchanges, and with an unbiased mind, he proceeds to offer praise or constructive criticism to each of these magazines.

The first to present itself to his impartial eye is:

Vox Lycie, of Hamilton Collegiate, an Athletic and Shooting Number. The cover is well drawn and brings honour to the Collegiate. A few stories would help to liven the contents of the Vox, otherwise it is a fine magazine.

The Managra, representing the Manitoba Agricultural College, has advertisements spread throughout, which we think detracts from the interest of the reading matter.

This is the first time we have had the privilege of exchanging with the Copa De Ora, of Orland Union High School, and we hope to continue to do so in the future. The arrangement of your photographs, and sketches, is splendid.

Next is the College Times from a near-by friend, Upper Canada College. Lack of stories is noticeable in your well put together Times, and excellent style is shown in the manner in which the rugby games are written up. Your ads. show that the Times' business managers are not asleep.

Then comes the King's College, Windsorian. It is a neatly constructed journal. A few stories would increase its size, also make it more interesting to its readers.

The Blue and White, of Rothsay Collegiate School, is much better than last issue, and we hope it continues to improve.

It is from the Far West that our next exchange arrives. The Black and Red of the University Military School, B. C., is a very attractive book. We wish you success as a military school.

We are glad to welcome the first issue of the Goblin. A publication of this type is more than welcome, for it portrays the brighter side of Varsity life and brings smiles to all who read it. We hope you become one of our permanent exchanges.

Here's a new one; the Central Hi Review. A paper in which the Exchange Editor takes an interest.

Headings are needed and Table of Contents required in the Acta Ridleiana of Ridley College. Your literary matter is good. Perhaps you could increase the size, also the quality of your Acta Ridleiana by carrying some advertising.

The St. Thomas Collegian has good cartoons; but why not extend them through your Collegian?

We are always glad to receive the Tallow Dip from Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B. Why not introduce a Table of Contents?

A lively paper for its size is the Stratford Collegian.

The literary work in the University of Alberta, Gateway Monthly, is always appreciated by us. We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the Gateway Weekly.

The Macdonald College Magazine, St. Annes, Que., suggests poor business management by having its cover put on upside down. The stories and other works are very interesting.

Arriving from Carteret Academy, Orange, N.J., comes the Carteret. It is plain, but attractive, and could be increased in volume.

Improvement could be made in the Local Department of the Oakwood Oracle. Apart from this the Oracle does not disappoint us.

The Ethical Culture High School, Inkling's literary products always interest us, and this magazine holds a high place in our lists.

Welcome Lux Columbiana to our exchange list.

The exchange section is well written in your Acadia Athenaeum. Your criticism is to the point. Need of photos is observable. Will the Exchange Editor of the Athanaeum please read the editorial in the last issue of the REVIEW?

The Blue and White of Port Hope High School has shown considerable growth in size. This goes to show what a small magazine can rise to if well supported.

Quibs are especially prominent in the Chronicle of Niagara Falls School, N.Y., also the rest of its material is well written. We might suggest that a short story occasionally be put in this paper.

The Ashburian requires stories, also pictures, to liven it up.

The Appleby School, Argus: Your Old Boys' Section reveals the interest that your Old Boys take in you as well as in the Argus.

We also have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following:

The Lake Lodge Record: Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, Ont.

The Crimson and White: Pottsville High School, Pottsville, Pa.

The Review: Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

The Record: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

O. SISSONS.



PRO OMNIBUS NOSTRIS BENEFICIIS.

When the luncheon bell is ringing
And we're in a famished mood,
Then the school boy's fickle fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of food.

In two ranks, for place competing,
We line up against the wall,
Waiting for the tardy master
To conduct us to the Hall.

For an hour we've been sniffing
Odours that entice and please;
Is it soup or macaroni?
Can it be a piece of cheese!

Now the portals are thrown open,
And we file into our place,
Stand behind our chairs in silence
While a prefect mumbles grace.

Knives and forks are poised for action,
Enter Lucy with a tray,
And the maid, in great distraction,
Sets it down and glides away.

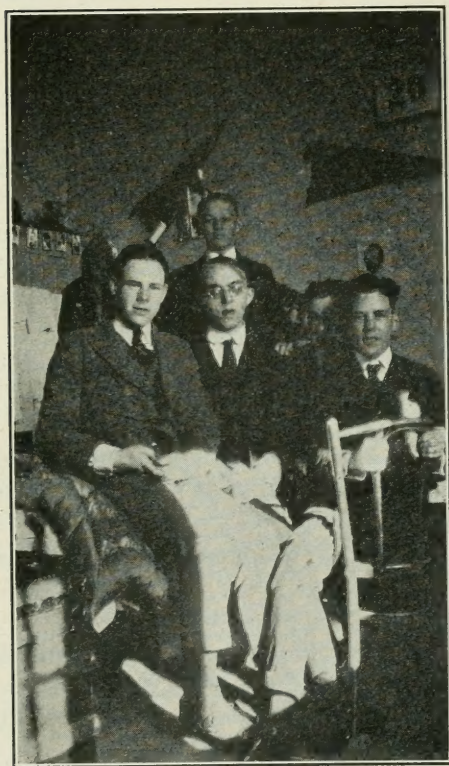
What is this I see before me
With the texture of a stone?
'Tis not sausage nor spaghetti,
Is it liver and ba-cone?

Do mine eager eyes deceive me,
What is this the maid has brought?
Is it apple, fig, banana,
Or the wizened apricot!

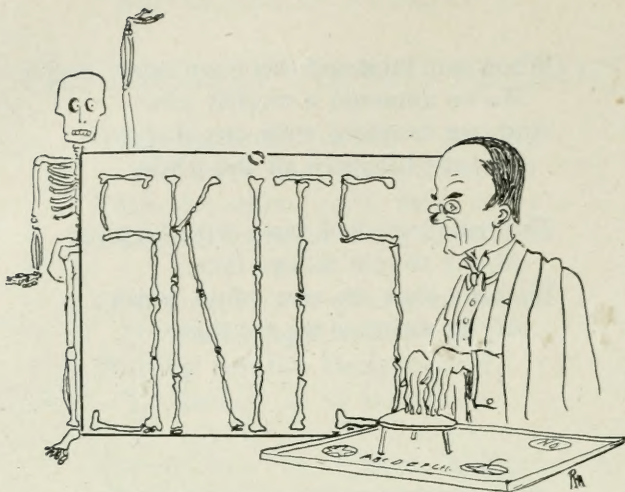
After all, what does it matter
In the light of days to come,
When we've left behind our platter
And uncritical become?

When our boyhood days are over,
We've amassed a mighty pile
And are treating with our doctor
For our tummies all the while.

Then shall we look back with longing
At our simple college fare,
Wishing that we now could relish
All the dainties we got there.



THE ROISTERERS.



Huff: "Can you toddle, Bill?"

Shaw: "Why, I could do it when I was a year old."

Algy: "Lend me some brilliantine to shine my buttons with."

Curry was out in Parkdale one Saturday evening, or rather Sunday morning (it was around one o'clock), and the young lady on whom he was calling became wearied. She said, "Stay another half-hour, Rufus, and go to church with me."

Rufus was sorely smitten, but recovering replied: "Certainly, I'll get the license and be ready in fifteen minutes."

Pa's Friend: "I see your son is home for the holidays."

Pa: "I thought I had a glimpse of him the other day."

Barber (To Cook I.): "Do you want your hair braided or bobbed?"

There was a young student called Skeaff,
Whose hours of study were brief,
In the Christmas exams.
He had many slams,
But he's turned over now a new leaf.

Mr. Goodman (dropping the quicksilver): "Catch it, some one!"

Smith: "It's too quick for me, sir."

First Boy: "Is your sister a blonde?"

Second Boy: "She was the last time I saw her."

Fleck: "I wish that I could dance."

Janitor: (with step-ladder): "Watch me, I'll show you some steps."

My thoughts are ever flying
Toward the beaming moon,
While Betty-Jane was flirting,
What was Lorna Doone?

Master (at hockey game): "What position is Findlay III. playing to-day?"

New Boy: "I'm not sure, but I heard a lady say she thought he was an offence."

Russell II.: "I'm going to give up washing during Lent."

King: "Why don't you make a real sacrifice?"

Bill Brunt (to room-mates): "Fight fellows! Give them the dickens, then beat it. I've got a sore foot, so I'll beat it now."

McLennan says: "Bingham is so crazy that he is afraid to go near any one with a squirrel coat."

Motion Passed by Lower Sixth: Resolved, that if possible sufficient parking space be found for the feet of Messrs. Lumbers and Fisher other than the aisle which they are occupying at present.

Russel I.: "Judge is greatly superior to Life."

Patterson II.: "But you didn't see life until you came to Toronto, so how can you judge?"

Master (in class-room H.): "What is darkening the room?"

Boy: "Fleck is out on the lawn, sir."

Murchison I.: "See the dancing snow-flakes."

Murchison II.: "Practicing for the snow-ball, I guess."

Buckley: "I was over to Europe last summer."

Everhart: "Were you a stoker or a bar-tender on the boat?"

Mr. Findlay: "Give an example of alliteration."

Findlay I.: "Bill Brunt Broncho Buster bites bad boys."

Crosbie I.: "This floor is so slippery, it's hard to keep on your feet."

Girl: "So you were trying to keep on my feet and I thought it was accidental."

Mr. Laidlaw: "In what battle did General Wolfe cry: 'I die happy'?"

Blauvelt: "It must have been his last battle, sir."

A CRYPTIC TALE.

Fearful noise. It's the boys.

Fall of plaster. Comes the Master.

Some detention. Let me mention.

Saturday. Not so gay.

MacKay was going down Yonge Street when he saw an advertisement, "Have you a Fairy in your home?" He thought of his friend McLachlan, and said, "I'll say we have."

A TRAGEDY

(IN ONE ACT.)

Scene: School corridor.

Characters: Brunt and Armstrong.

Scene I.

Brunt: "Ho, varlet, where goest thou?"

Armstrong: "To imbibe of nature's wine, the water that seepeth from the fountain."

Brunt: "See that the same liquid toucheth thy homely visage."

Armstrong: "Hold thy peace, dog, ere I duck thee in the water."

Brunt: "Water hath not touched me since I passed under the postern gate of Hanover."

Struggle ensues in which Brunt is ducked.

Brunt: "I am undone—I am clean! Clean! etc., etc."

Curtain falls upon Brunt in the waste basket in heartbroken attitude with one foot in his mouth.

(Submitted by a list of victims too numerous to mention): A large crowd in the infirmary surrounding Bingham, exclamations of, "Hurray, he's got his mouth closed at last"—Bingham is having his temperature taken.

Mr. Goodman: "Oxygen is essential to all animal existence, there could be no life without it; yet it was discovered but a half-century ago."

Temple: "How did people live before they discovered it?"

Mr. Laidlaw: "Do any of you boys know Cleopatra?"

McLachlan: "Why, do you know her, I had a Christmas card from her."

A RECITATION BY BLAUVELT.

MY TOWEL.

"The laundry gets no cash from me,
I cry in my merry glee;
One towel I use throughout the term,
True 'tis dirty, but never a germ
Would dare to enter its poisonous folds
For fear of the dirt this old rag holds."

Smith I.: "That chap has a mania for cutting remarks."

Peene: "What chap?"

Smith I.: "The fellow who chisels epitaphs on tombstones."

QUESTIONS NEVER ASKED.

"Is Blauvelt an American?"

"Is Russell I. a woman hater?"

"Can you lend me a dime, Anderson?"

"Don't you think Charlie Lewis is handsome?"

Three little chaps from S. A. C.
Set out one Sunday morning
With Christie toppers hard as ice
Their massive domes adorning.

Three little chaps from S. A. C.
Bedraggled came in that night
With Christies crushed to a shapeless mass,
They'd been to a pink-tea fight.

Mr. Laidlaw: "Stephenson, how many wives did Henry VIII. have?"

Stephenson I. (counting freight cars): "Fifty-one, sir."

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

Among the many volumes recently published we are pleased to acknowledge the following:

Helpful Hints for Backward Boys. by McKay and McLachlan. These two, in collaboration with Everhart, have achieved wonders, and, I believe that every boy that is backward about coming forward should read it. The chapter on "Streetcar Flirtations" is particularly good.

Prune Whip. By Thomas Aspden.

The past-master of cubist verse has come forward with a new volume of poetry; this contains a collection of verse taken from the author's works written since 1873. The poem, "Hot Dogs and Cheese" is worthy of careful reading.

Wood's Biography of Frank Blaauvelt. .03c.

In this, Wood, the great writer (of lines) likens his subject to Samuel Johnston, and treats it as did Boswell, setting down Blaauvelt's words and actions each day, consequently there are some very hot pages in the volume.

Public Speaking. By Eric Beattie.

In this little volume, the silver-tongued orator gives some of the methods he has found effective in "gripping" an audience. The author, who was an eye-witness of the burning of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, gives several stirring extracts from his famous speech on that subject.

The Telephone: Its Uses and Abuses. By E. Golden Tyrer.

A masterful work by one with a fair knowledge of the subject.

Ten Nights in a Barber Shop. By Fred Alcott Bingham.

A rather sticky treatise on the irrigation of the hair.

Hockey in the Stone Age. By Jess Carrick. The subject is treated in a bold, ruthless manner. An intensely interesting book but of doubtful historic value.

Anderson, the well-blown artist, has been at work on a new picture: a portrait of Shirley MacRae. He portrays his subject at the dinner table in an attitude of deep thought with a potato poised on a fork half-way to his capacious mouth. The pose is realistic and, although the artist is only a fourth-rater, the picture looks well upside down.

P. K. Boo.

Master (shouting to janitor at 1 a.m.): "Burglar! Burglars! Phone for the police."

Janitor: "Sorry, sir, but Tyrer is still using the phone."

MUSIC??

The great pianist, Pupaw Murchison, gave a recital in the lower school reception room. During the concert the pianist found it almost impossible to proceed owing to the tributes, floral and otherwise, that were thrown through the window at him.

Chauncey R. Chalker, the tin whistle and own-horn blower, aided by Jeff Supple, the bag-pipe performer, gave an enjoyable concert to their room-mates on Valentine's Day.

J. V. Russel, the contra-baritone-basso vocalist, gave a recital in the washroom several weeks ago. He was heartily applauded (when he went out).

HAL A FACTS.

TO MUSIC.

Thou much abused goddess,
How art thy powers mocked
By reckless youth and maidens
Who have their hearers shocked.

K. B. C.

Cameron I. (in sick room): "Doctor, what's the matter with me, anyway?"

Doctor (looking at Cameron's legs): "Oh, you're in good health but poor shape."

Supple says: "It is a bad thing to speak of detention and religion in the same breath."

Long toiled the artist at his great picture, and when it was finished, millionaires came offering him gold for it. Then he awakened clutching one of his rotten cartoons to the breast of his dirty pyjamas. His name was Anderson.

Patterson IV.: "What is the inside of a jail like?"

MacLeod: "I would be able to tell you if my dad hadn't gone bail for me."

WHAT A PERFECT MASTER WOULD SAY.

"So you skipped down-town, and was there anything going on down there?"

"You have three double gatings. I'll make it an hour's work."

"There will be no study to-night at the request of Blauvelt."

There was a young fellow called Fred,
 Who for weeks was confined to his bed.
 The Doc. in despair,
 Delved deep in his hair
 And found that his brains were quite dead.

Mr. Laidlaw: "What English Lord aided the Spanish?"

Clift: "Lord Helpus, sir."

Walker: "'Tis love that makes the wheels go around in my head."

McLachlan (to strange girl): "We have met before, haven't we?"

Girl: "Possibly, my father keeps the zoo."

CONSOLATION.

I should like to be a prefect,
 So I could get some leave,
 And I smile in my desire
 As my golden dreams I weave.

I could stay up till eleven,
 Get week-ends by the score
 And be always late for breakfast
 Without starting up a war.

I should like to be a prefect,
 But not (and here's the rub)
 Be the head of any table,
 And give other guys the grub.

K. B. C.

Mr. Laidlaw: "What is Trafalgar?"

Anderson: "Sir, a girl's school in Montreal."

Armstrong (hearing Johnston at piano): "He takes his scales well."

Brunt: "It's easy for a fish like him."

A CHECKERED CONVERSATION.

Outside the Master's Common Room: "It's my move."—"No 'tishn't, neither." Toute finis, I'm beaten."—"Two and two make four, only twelve left on the board."—"Let me see if $X=Y$ I should win."—"Got two, that time, Brutus."

BY WIL BUR.

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE ATOM."

A SEMI-TRAGEDY.

Place: St. Andrew's Lab.

Characters: Palmer and Owens (students?)

Comic Characters: Anderson and Temple.

Scene I.

As the curtain rises Palmer is seen holding up to the light a test tube containing a piece of chalk.

Palmer: "Ah, my efforts at last are crowned with victory!"

Owens: "At last, at last!"

Palmer: "My name will go down with Newton's and (consults Physics Book) Pascal's."

Enter Anderson and Temple quarrelling.

Anderson: "Marconi discovered America."

Temple: "I tell you it was Jenoby Moore."

Anderson strikes Temple who retaliates.

Palmer: "What means the noise behind us?"

Owens: "But two court jesters, Great Scientist, pay them not the slightest heed."

The struggle continues. Anderson is thrown roughly against Palmer knocking the test tube from his hand. The test tube falls to the floor and is shattered into many fragments.

Palmer (tearing his hair): "Curses! the work of weeks ruined by two fools!"

Curtain.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. Shirley McRae and Mrs. J. Veracity Russell held a reception in the school library; dainty refreshments, consisting of soda-biscuit and milk, were served by the prefects.

Mr. Don. Patterson, who is starring with the Fleck Film Co., visited his old home, 999 Queen St. West, last week. He has returned to take a lead in a great new picture, "Sitting Out," directed by Lew McRae.

Miss Willhemindher Leask, who represented Branksome at the U. C. C. match, wore a gown of deep green cheese-cloth with flounces of burlap trimmed with tar paper.

It is rumoured that Lord Wade Taylor will be appointed Ambassador to the Cannibal Isles in place of Earl Eric Beatty, who has retired to spend the rest of his days in the sick room.

The Ancient Order of Dubs recently held its annual thé dansant in Herpicide Hall. The Grand Potentate Aspden received.

A meeting of the Truro Reading Club was held at the home of Miss Lou Iss. A charming prune luncheon was served at the close of the meeting. Among those present were the Misses Gertrude Brunt and Gimme Moore.

Jaffray, first Duke of Bolton, held a grand leveé at his country seat, Aspirin Heights. Among the personages attending were Comte De Kenner, King Bruce, Field Marshall Armstrong, Marquis Jake Russell and Sir O Shaw.

An event of the greatest importance to the musical world was the banquet tendered by M. Paderewski and M. Rachmaninoff to their contemporary M. Murchison, B.V.D. at Bowles' some days ago. The service was almost demoralized by M. Murchison's persistent cry of "Beans With." He proved himself as proficient with the soup-nola as with his beloved piano; finding that he could create many new variations in his famous "Prelude to Fish."

Madame Sissons and her debutante daughter Don-o-vane, attended the launching of Chalker's new yacht "Night Boat." Miss Sissons created a sensation by absconding with the christening champagne.

LOWER SCHOOL SKITS.

Fair: "Gee! This soap is hard!"

Horsfall: "Certainly; it's Castile."

Herchmer: "Pass the milk, please."

Noonan: "It's passed your eyes (pasteurized) already."

There was a young fellow called Smiley,
I think he's descended from Riley,
He made us a speech,
Oh! Gee; 'Twas a peach,
And I think it stretched more than a milee.

Bethune broke his tooth playing hockey—but that's not the only way he's broke.

Mr. Tudball (to Lentz): "Use the word 'notwithstanding' in a sentence."

Lentz: "I wore out my trousers but not with standing."

Miss Brookes: "Stollmeyer, you put a two cent stamp on a letter to the United States, and a three cent stamp on one to an address in Toronto!"

Stollmeyer: "That's all right. I noticed it myself, so I changed the address around."

In these days our pocket money seems like pay for working detention.

Bartram: "How did you like the doughnut I gave you?"

Lanz: "Fine! I ate the (w)hole of mine."

Noonan: "I'd like a hair cut, please."

Barber: "Which one?"

We know the shape of Skin Hughes' head now. He has had his hair cut!

Mr. Goodman: "What would you make if you mixed saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur?"

Stollmeyer: "Make for the door, sir."

Mr. Tudball (in geography class) : "Where do we get bananas from, Lentz?"

Lentz: "From a banana tree."

Guest (at Cadet Corps dance, to Noonan) : "Do you like dancing?"

Noonan: "Yes, I'm crazy about it."

Guest: "Well, why don't you learn?"

Mr. Tudball (at lunch, to small day boy) : "I hear you like your soup!"

Herchmer: "A little bird told me that this soup was burnt."

Waitress: "A little bird?"

Herchmer: "Yes, a swallow."

Ault: "Weren't those light refreshments great?"

Campbell: "I think they were too light?"

Ault: "What makes you think that?"

Campbell: "Well, Fair was all up in the air over them."

Mr. Palmer (to Dunlap) : "What are the four seasons?"

Dunlap: "Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard."

Mrs. Montgomery (to nurse) : "Rub Porter well every morning with glycerine."

Nurse: "What shall I use at night, nitroglycerine?"

Mr. Findlay (in grammar class) : "Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

Sprott: "For the bird to sit on, sir."

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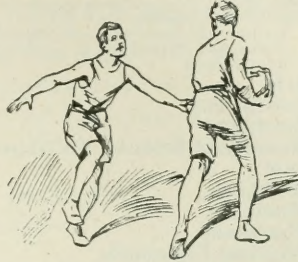
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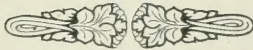
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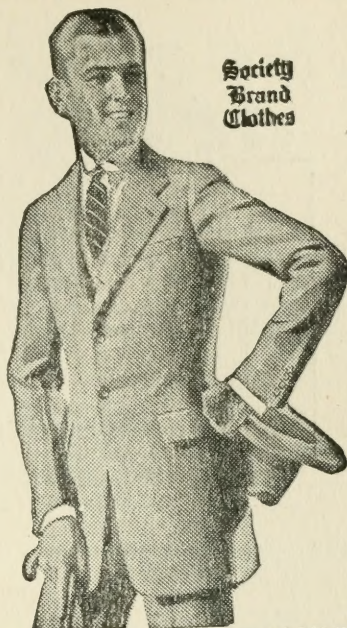
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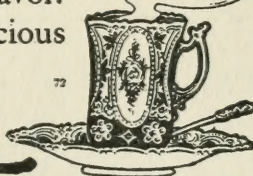
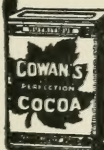
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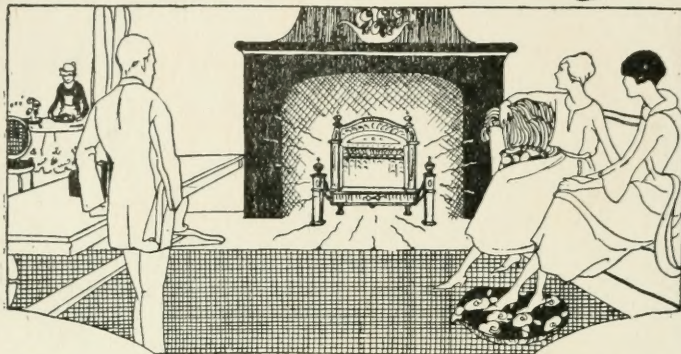
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